"THE RED AXE," A NEW SERIAL, BY S. R. CROCKETT, BEGINS NEXT WEEK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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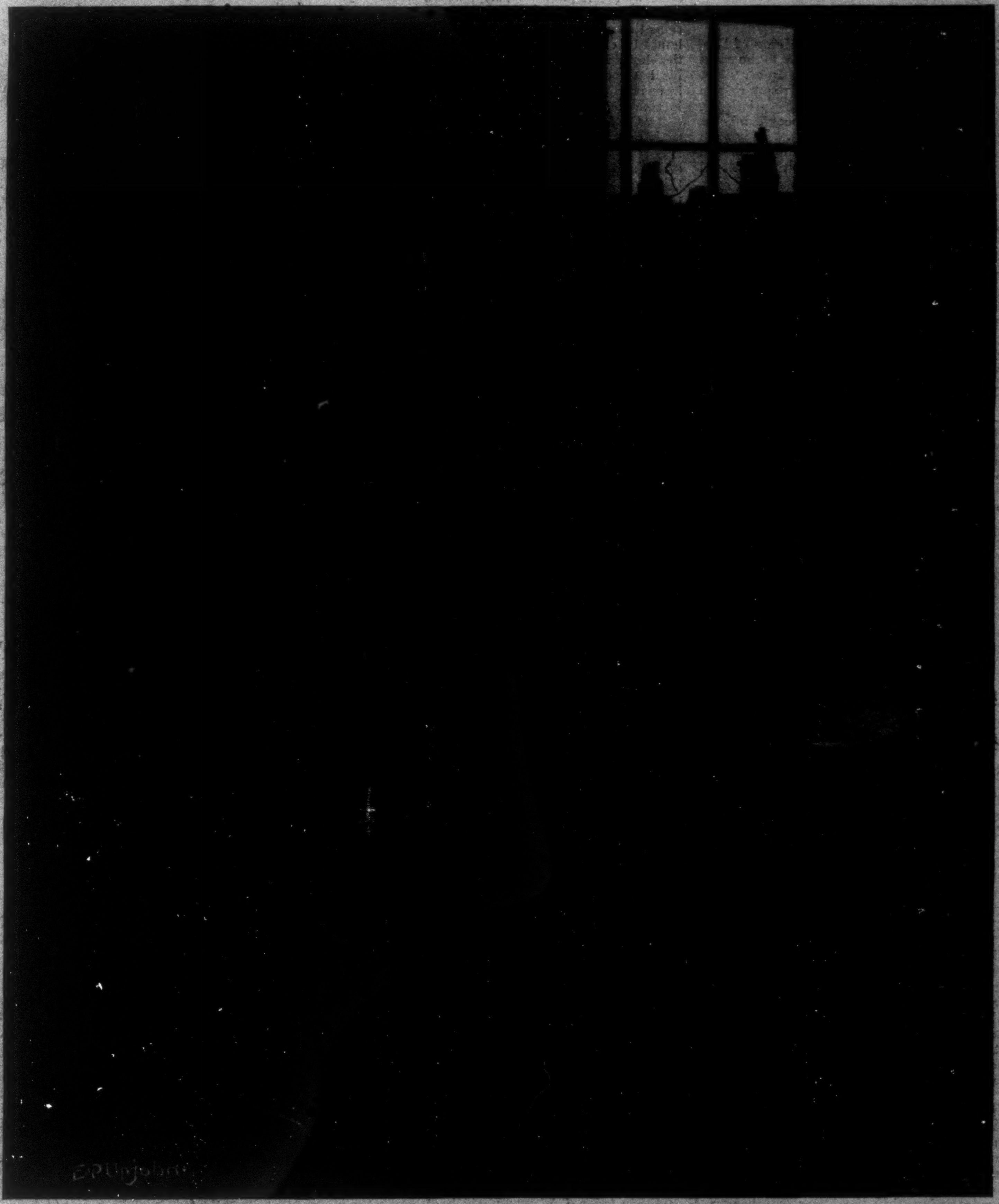

A CAPRICE OF TIME: 1827-1897—TWO CHRISTMASES.—DRAWN BY E. P. UPJOHN.
[SEE POEM, PAGE 1282.]

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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THE Democratic members of the House of Representatives have decided to adhere to the cause which the country defeated in 1896. In a caucus, last week, they declared against currency reform and against the extension of banking privileges. They also pronounced in favor of recognizing the belligerency of the Cuban insurgents. They seem to be determined to make permanent the breach between the old organization and the National Democrats.

THE bill prohibiting pelagic sealing and the importation of seal-skins into the United States that has passed both Houses of Congress, and is before the President, ought to become a law. Another bill provides for the immediate killing of all seals. Such a bill might serve for a diplomatic threat, but it ought not to be seriously considered as possible legislation. As President JORDAN points out, the effort to kill all the seals immediately would be fruitless, because the seals do not all visit the islands at the same time. But the strongest argument against the bill is its essential inhumanity. The United States and Great Britain have practically agreed to the establishment of an international game law for the protection of the seals, but Canada wants poaching privileges, and therefore Great Britain has failed to carry out her part of the agreement. In the mean-time it is our duty to do all in our power to secure the co-operation of Great Britain, and to put a stop to pelagic sealing.

IF there is any one in the country who believes that Congress is capable of governing a distant colony he ought to read the reports concerning the condition of Alaska. Alaska is now receiving a large population, and the Federal officials there are at their wits' end. Practically Congress has left the Territory to be governed by laws that do not apply to its conditions, or that are now the laws of a remote past. The judges do not know how to solve the difficulty, nor where to find their jurisdiction. There is no local legislative body, and Congress, of course, does not think of legislating for Alaska. The result is that, although there is a Governor and a court and some administrative officials, the people who are rushing to the Klondike find a condition of government which is feeble to the point of ludicrousness. All this is humiliating, but it is especially humiliating to read that our miners and adventurers find the Canadian customs officials and Mounted Police very much more intelligent and effective than our own functionaries, and much more agreeable and tactful as well. We fancy that a visit to Alaska at this time would afford a revelation to those of our citizens who believe that our republic is capable of governing distant colonies.

IT is apparent that Congress expects to pass a bankruptcy bill at the present session. At the last session the Senate passed the NELSON bankruptcy bill, which, as the *Evening Post* points out, is not a bankruptcy bill at all, but a bill to make life agreeable to insolvents. It is a bill which permits a debtor who has committed an act of bankruptcy, or who cannot see his way out of his difficulties, to secure a discharge from his debts by process of law. Of course there must be a distribution of his property among his creditors, but such a bill means nothing else than a legal permission to a bankrupt to begin again with a clean slate. Dishonest bankrupts would not always take advantage of such an act, because they want to hold on to their assets as long as possible for the purpose of getting the better of other trusting creditors, for it is the desire of such bankrupts to remain afloat in order to secure on credit goods which they sell for cash for their own benefit, and without a thought of the rights of those to whom they owe money. The TORREY bill is the only measure which embodies the right principle, for bankruptcy ought to be involuntary as well as voluntary. The creditors of insolvents should have the right to put an end to dishonest careers by compelling a distribution of their property, and, in view of the differing laws of the many jurisdictions in the United States, there is no country in the world where a sound and uniform bankruptcy law in more necessary.

No sooner had Congress assembled than the irrepressible GROSVENOR began his attack upon the civil service law. GROSVENOR affords a striking illustration of the meaningless character of party pledges, and the lightness with which party, and even personal, loyalty sits upon our politicians. The Republican platform of 1896 declared that the "civil service law was placed on the statute-book by the Republican party, which has always sustained it, and we renew our repeated declarations that it shall be thoroughly and heartily and honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable." Mr. MCKINLEY approved this pledge in his letter of acceptance, as such approval was to have been expected from the man who, in opposing an assault upon the law in 1890, had said: "Mr. Chairman, the Republican party must take no backward step; the merit system is here, and it is here to stay, and we may just as well understand and accept it now." He did more than this, for no sooner was he President than he issued the order touching removals, which is an extension of the reform as important as any that was made by his predecessor. GROSVENOR is not only a Republican, but he is the nearest friend to the President in Congress. He is, therefore, in his attack upon the civil service law, disloyal to both his party and his friend. Fortunately the enemies of the law find it difficult to agree on a plan of action, and possibly their prudence, for the law is popular, will continue to prevent an agreement on any measure for repeal or amendment, or for any attempt to defeat the appropriation for the support of the commission.

SENATOR DAVIS and the other enthusiastic advocates of the annexation of Hawaii have lost the confidence that they manifested before the beginning of the session of Congress. Then they were certain that the treaty would be ratified at once, and Senator DAVIS gave notice that he would call it up the second day of the session. But he suddenly found that he was not sure of the two-thirds vote that is necessary to ratification. Nor did he and his friends think it safe to attempt to annex Hawaii by a joint resolution, as Texas was brought into the Union. One truth is that they are afraid of Speaker REED, who is the House of Representatives, and who has recently expressed himself in opposition to the spread of our empire. Another truth is that there has been much expression of public sentiment concerning annexation during the recess of Congress, and much of it has been in opposition to the scheme. Thoughtful Americans are beginning to realize that taking the islands at the hands of self-constituted authorities representing a minority of the people would be a good deal like taking them by violence, especially as we would have to take them in the face of a protest signed by native Hawaiians outnumbering all the Americans residing there nearly seven to one. Then, too, a good many persons who might have been dazzled by the idea of extending our territory have come, through instruction and reflection, to see that we have no machinery for the government of colonies; that Hawaii, annexed, would at first, most likely, be a refuge for our broken-down politicians, and eventually it might be accepted as a State to cure scandals arising out of its colonial condition. But who is it who wants a State situated 2000 miles from our coast, sending to Washington Senators and Representatives who are strangers to our manners and customs, to our ways of thinking, and to our political training, and who will be the easy prey of the kind of politicians whose influence has been so disastrous in the new States that we have already too precipitately created from contiguous colonial empire?

SAGASTA is, on the whole, pleased with what the President said on the Cuban question in his message, although naturally he is forced to resent the threatened interference of the United States in case the war should drag on beyond what we may deem to be a reasonable period. He could not do less than this in the face of the demonstrations in favor of WEYLER, which, although the effort to arouse enthusiasm failed at Madrid, have been engineered generally with success by the extreme conservatives under the lead of ROMENO ROBLEDO, who has gone so far as to promise to support WEYLER for the premiership. Then, too, the Carlists are still menacing, and even some of the Havana volunteers, a kind of home guard, have displayed the Carlist badge because autonomy has been promised to the Cuban insurrectionists, and because BLANCO has threatened to demand of them some military service. These are some of the facts which a premier in SAGASTA'S position must take into account. But notwithstanding his objections to the threat of interference, he and his Captain-General must either put down the insurrection during the coming few months or submit to the loss of Cuba, and, if necessary, to the interference of the United States in behalf of our own citizens and our own commerce. It is a hard alternative, but it is inevitable. Notwithstanding the foolish and criminal talk of the Jingoes in and out of Congress, the government has done its utmost to perform its duty to Spain. Secretary GAGE'S report as to the efforts of the government to prevent filibustering expeditions shows that the patrol fleet maintained by the Treasury Department and the navy has been singularly successful. It is evident that if the Spanish navy had been equal in efficiency to the United States navy, no filibusters would have landed in Cuba. But the United States government cannot be called upon to perform patrol duty for Spain indefinitely, nor can it be expected to submit much longer to the nuisance that has now been maintained at her front door since 1895. Spain has already recognized our right to consideration, and if, unhappily for all concerned, the time ever come when our intervention shall be necessary, Europe as well as America will expect to see her yield to her fate without insisting on a disastrous and useless war for a dramatic finale.

## THE PENSION SCANDAL.

AS if to forestall inconvenient and embarrassing public discussion in the newspapers, the House of Representatives rushed through the pension bill in a great hurry. There was, it is true, opportunity for debate, and some advantage was taken of it. Mr. ALLEN of Mississippi indulged himself in sarcastic speech on the pension agents, for whose benefit largely this legislation is enacted. Mr. DE ARMOND and others followed him, pointing out abuses of the system, and the Republicans themselves were apologetic, with the exception of one or two who professed to be willing to pension men as rich as the late JAY GOULD if they had served for any period of time in the Union army and had been disabled in consequence. Mr. CANNON, the chairman of the Appropriations Committee, contented himself with explaining that the finances of the country were not in such bad condition as Secretary GAGE had said, and that the amount of the deficiency for 1899 need not be so large as $22,000,000 if Congressmen will restrain themselves in the matter of river and harbor appropriations. By this same token one may expect, when the log-rolling river and harbor bill reaches the stage of consideration in the House of Representatives, Mr. CANNON, who talks bravely enough in behalf of economy without doing anything, will explain that there is nearly money enough for digging out a stream or two in every State, provided that Congressmen restrain themselves in the matter of public buildings.

The country will be inclined to ask, however, why not exercise the self-restraint at the earliest opportunity presented? There is no doubt as to the existence of frauds on the pension list. There is no doubt that these frauds are so many and so flagrant that the possession of a pension has ceased to be evidence of honorable service in the war. The man who holds it may have been a bounty-jumper. The cause for which he obtained it may be the shameful result of his own bad conduct. He may, indeed, have fought gallantly, endured hardships, and won the gratitude of his countrymen. In consequence of his patriotic services he may now be unable to support himself. If this be so, his fellow-citizens gladly submit to taxation that his remaining days may not be harassed by direful poverty. But it may also be that he skulked in the rear, that he deserted in the face of the enemy, that he never went to the front at all, that his disabilities, if he labors under any, are the consequences of dissipation, or that they are mere pretence. There are many thousands of pensioners who are receiving the fruits of frauds upon the government, dividing their ill-got gains with the pension agents who were the active and effective factors in the commission of the frauds. Besides the men who are on the roll, and whose presence there is threatening to destroy utterly its character as a roll of honor, are some women, the young widows of old soldiers, whom they have married for the purpose of gaining for themselves the benefits of a too generous pension law. Besides these are men who served well and faithfully, but who do not need pensions, and who, by a perversion of the law, accept the bounty of the government not intended for them. The provision of laws granting pensions to those whose disabilities render them unable to support themselves by manual labor has been greatly abused under this provision. Pensions are paid to men who actually do not support themselves by manual labor, but who do not do so because they have no need, and perhaps no capacity, for such work, but who do gain a livelihood, and even enrich themselves, in business or the professions. It is stated in Washington that men in receipt of large incomes, who never dreamed of doing manual labor, whose gains are far in excess of the possible earnings of such labor, are nevertheless receiving bounties from the government under the physical-disability clause.

The amount of fraud that has been committed upon the generosity of the government is beyond all count. Of course at the bottom of all the fraud and perjury are the pension attorneys and the politicians. The attorneys work up the laws and the cases. It is largely due to their efforts that the law has been extended so far as it has and that further extensions are threatened. They are behind the Congressmen who have been the most eager advocates of what they falsely call liberal pension legislation. They have had votes to give in return for laws that have made frauds upon the Treasury easy. They have implanted the idea of defrauding the government in many a stupid but willing mind. They have invented disabilities and the causes of disabilities. They have inspired perjury, and they have not only placed deserters on the pension roll, but they have debauched old soldiers, who are now ending in disgrace lives that began in the noblest self-sacrifice in the cause of the country. These pension agents have gone so far in their acknowledgment that the pension law is for doing the government out of money, and not solely for the relief of those who were disabled in the performance of their patriotic duty, that many of them have advertised that desertion is no bar to a pension. Mr. Cleveland said that the pension roll should be a roll of honor, and all fair-minded men will admit that he did his utmost to make it so; but is there any old soldier who was a real soldier during the war, who joined the army and fought the country's battles because of his love of country, who thinks it an honor to be placed in the company of deserters and of the scheming young widows of his old comrades? Is he proud to be borne on a roll which recognizes cowardice and treason and chicanery as equally entitled to the country's gratitude with his own courage and sufferings in its behalf? For this state of things, which is the existing state of things, the real old soldiers of the country have to thank the pension agents and the politicians to whom the votes and the influence of the pension agents are apparently necessary. The pension agents have made millions by putting the deserving soldier into the company of frauds, cowards, and perjurers, and the politicians have made votes by carrying out the behests of the pension agents.

The bill as it left the House called for an appropriation of $141,000,000. Nearly thirty-three years after the close of the war the government is paying pensions to nearly half as many persons as there were soldiers enlisted for three years' service. It is carrying on the rolls 976,014 pensioners. It is paying out nearly as much money as all the rest of the government costs. General H. V. Boynton, whom we have once before quoted on this subject, makes the following striking and instructive contrast between the sum paid for pensions and the amounts paid for the support of the great departments of the government, including the army and navy. He says:

> If the cost of Congress, the printing-office, the library, and the botanical garden expressed in the item legislative, and the Agricultural Department, be taken out, the pensions for next year will equal the total cost of the remaining government service. That is to say, the cost of pensions will, with the small exceptions noted, equal the entire salary list of the government in Washington and throughout the country, the expenses of all the departments, including the whole judicial system, the cost of the army and navy, post-office deficiencies, public buildings, fortifications and ships, rivers and harbors, the Department of Labor, and the whole expense of the White House and its salaries. A long array of prominent items, such as those for the coast survey, the life-saving service, the light-house system, the Indian service, the General Land Office, the Marine Hospital service, the national soldiers' homes, the customs service, might be added to still further emphasize the point under consideration.

It is idle to pretend, as Congressmen seem to do, that this wretched state of things cannot be reformed. There is only one reason why an end cannot be put to these frauds upon the government and these injustices to the real old solders, to whom the country owes much, which no one grudges them. The reason is that too many Congressmen prefer that the frauds shall continue, because with their abolition they will lose the demagogic appeal to which they owe most of their eminence. They see votes in pension laws and in pension frauds, and therefore the chance of reform is small, at least from the present race of politicians. Here, more than anywhere else, the needed task of retrenchment should begin, for bad as are the scandals of river and harbor bills and of public building appropriations, the scandals of the pension roll are greater, for they are not only the fruits of fraud and perjury, and a hard and unjust burden on the tax-payer, but they are an insult to the men who fought to save the Union.

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## THE POLITICS OF FINANCIAL REFORM.

Reports are still coming from Washington telling us that influential Republicans in Congress are opposed to the taking up of any legislation looking to currency reform, for the reason that it "cannot pass the Senate." This is dangerously unwise talk in a twofold sense. In the first place, it is by no means certain that such legislation would fail in the Senate, notwithstanding the strength of the hostile elements in that body. Whoever remembers the composition and temper of the Senate in 1893, when President Cleveland urged the repeal of the Sherman act, will admit that the chances of such a repeal looked then no less desperate, perhaps even more so, than the chances of the passage of a good financial reform bill look now. Not only was the silver heresy then as rampant in the Senate as it now is, but there were treacherous intriguers in the sound-money camp itself, who, to the very last, discouraged and sought to demoralize the supporters of the measure recommended by the President, and thus to deprive him of the prestige of success by insisting upon a dangerous compromise. What would have become of the national credit and of the business of the country had President Cleveland and his friends pusillanimously dropped the repeal bill because "it could not pass the Senate"? They did succeed, after all, in carrying it through that body by dint of unbending resolution and a vigorous appeal to the country, which elicited a powerful response. Is there any reason for pronouncing impossible in 1897 what by energetic action was made possible in 1893? The administration of President McKinley is in favor of action. No treacherous conspiracy against it among the members of its own party in the Senate is to be apprehended. That public sentiment which in 1893 proved so effective is again rallying for emphatic demonstrations. Why, then, this faint-hearted talk of certain defeat before the fight?

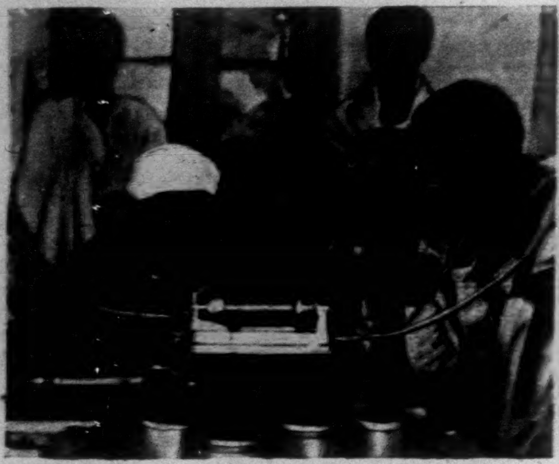
But even if defeat in the Senate were ever so certain, there would still be the most urgent political reasons for at least making the attempt. It is necessary, in order to restore among the sound-money forces, which, united, won the victory in the Presidential election, that feeling of sympathy which is needed to make further co-operation possible. There is probably no sensible man in the Republican party who believes that Mr. McKinley was elected by a strict party vote, or that he could have been elected without the aid of hundreds of thousands of voters who stood outside of the Republican ranks—sound-money Democrats and independents or mugwumps. That aid was freely given without any stipulations or conditions. Those allies did not demand or look for anything in the shape of reward in case of victory. They expected only that the Republicans, if put in power, would be fairly moderate in their tariff legislation, and that, in any event, they would give that question upon which the union of forces had been effected—the money question—the first place in their programme of action, upon the basis of the principles on which the campaign was fought. This expectation, as every candid person will admit, was reasonable, and it was encouraged by the utterances of the most prominent Republican leaders during and immediately after that memorable contest. Had it been fulfilled, the combination of forces which brought about the great result of last year would have remained virtually unbroken, or it might at least have been easily renewed to meet in the future any similar emergency.

But that expectation was disappointed in two ways. The Republicans, when in power, did not give the question upon which the combination had been formed the first place in their programme of action, but demonstratively subordinated it to another Republican policy, upon which there existed a very grave difference of opinion between the Republican party and its allies; and then they carried that policy to an extreme never known before. That this sort of conduct should have seriously dissatisfied the allies of last year is not surprising. And that dissatisfaction was increased by such things as the intrusion of the Hawaii annexation scheme and the indecent rush for party spoils. The effect of this dissatisfaction showed itself clearly in the fall elections, which in some States reduced the Republican majorities to their normal figures, while in New York the Democrats carried the State, and even in Pennsylvania the combined opposition vote exceeded that of the Republicans. Whatever causes may have co-operated to bring about such striking results, it is certain that the dissolution of the alliance of last year was one of them. It is also certain that without a renewal of that alliance the Republican party would, in a national election, have a very precarious, if any, chance of success. How extremely precarious that chance would be is easily shown by an analysis of last year's election returns.

That it will now be more difficult, in consequence of recent experiences, to renew the alliance than it was to make it when those experiences were not foreseen is readily understood by any one that knows human nature. As there were last year many old Democrats who vowed that they would never vote a Democratic ticket again, so we can this year hear many who voted for Mr. McKinley vow with equal emphasis that they will never again vote a Republican ticket. It is true, such vows, which are outbursts of an irritated temper, do not always stand the test of changed circumstances. But they are, at any rate, symptoms of an ill-humored disposition which it requires a decided change of circumstances to mollify. Much of what has been done cannot be undone. The political effect of the Dingley tariff will probably show itself at the next Congressional election. Not even the most sanguine Republicans expect it to be favorable to their party. Those less hopefully disposed look for a strong reaction, especially if the tariff continues to fail as a revenue measure and new taxation in other directions becomes necessary. If anything can then save the Republican party from serious disaster, it is a policy calculated to unite the sound-money forces again by making the financial question the controlling issue. The President and Secretary of the Treasury have pointed the way in this direction; but what they have done will go for nothing if Congress remains inactive and permits things to drift. Unless the Republican party, as it is represented in Congress, gives proof of aggressive earnestness in the struggle for financial reform, its former allies will not have that confidence in its good faith with regard to the money question without which energetic co-operation will be impossible. For the object it has in common with its allies the Republican party must be ready to fight not only when certain and immediate success is in prospect, but also under circumstances of difficulty and when the chances are doubtful. Only with a standard courageously raised and carried forward can it expect to rally its allies again, and to lead them into a common battle. The talk, therefore, of not advancing in Congress any measure of monetary reform, because it would probably fail in the Senate, is foolish in the extreme. Such pusillanimity would be suicidal.

It has become the fashion among a certain class of Republican politicians to say that the sound-money Democrats and the independents—in short, the mugwumps—want to destroy the Republican party, and that their insolent pretension to dictate its policy should be repelled. There is indeed no doubt that these so-called mugwumps heartily dislike certain things which the Republican party stands for—the Dingley tariff, for instance—and that they would greatly prefer to have a party representing their own principles, and strong enough to carry the country. But in the absence of such an organization they do not at all want to destroy the Republican party—at least not so long as it serves as a bulwark against repudiation and national dishonor. On the contrary, they want it to preserve those elements of moral strength which, in case of necessity, would make a great sound-money coalition like that of last year again attainable. Neither do those mugwumps pretend to dictate the policy of the Republican party. They merely think it prudent, and also patriotic, to point out to the Republican leaders certain dangers which threaten very serious disaster to the country in general, and to the Republican party particularly. To effect a grand rally of the sound-money forces will, after all that has happened, be extremely difficult anyhow. The possibility of it at least should be saved. If it is not, the Republicans in Congress will be responsible for the outcome.

Carl Schurz.



KING MENELEK LISTENING TO A PHONOGRAPH.

BUILDING A WALL AROUND THE PALACE GROUNDS AT ANTALO.

# NEGUS MENELEK OF ABYSSINIA AT HOME.

PROBABLY at no period since the commencement of African colonization have the events of the Dark Continent attracted the widespread attention in European countries that they do to-day. While the Anglo-Egyptian army is advancing against the Mahdi from the north, Franco-Abyssinian caravans are bringing him aid and comfort from the south. By this time the very important expedition of M. Marchand has probably reached the Mahdi's entrenched camp near Omdurman, so that when the British arrive they will find the tricolor of France waving alongside of the green flag of the Prophet.

In this heated rivalry for predominance in central and eastern Africa, France has been fortunate enough to secure the friendship and alliance of the Negus Menelek of Abyssinia, whose recent successes over the Italians and general ability as a ruler and diplomatist have made him the practical arbiter of the destinies of that entire section. Not alone has he entered into close commercial relations with the French, but he has allowed them to guide his policy in dealing with Italy and Great Britain; furthermore, he has just conceded to a French company a ninety-nine years' concession for the construction of railway lines throughout his dominions, one line in particular that will unite the most populous town in Abyssinia, Harrar, with the French port of Djibonti, on the Gulf of Aden. The exploitation of these privileges will render it all the more important to France to preserve her communications across the continent, extending in a direct line from Djibonti in the east to St. Louis in the west. This line is threatened by the British advance on the Sudanese province of Bahr-el-Gazal, the ultimate object of which seems to be the execution of the grandiose project imputed, to Cecil Rhodes, of uniting Alexandria in the north with Cape Colony in the south by an uninterrupted stretch of territory acknowledging the sway of Great Britain.

Menelek's co-operation with the French may be said to be one of the fruits of the Franco-Russian alliance, for it was Russia that first gained the good graces of the negro monarch and then gave her ally the benefit of his friendship. It was as far back as the early eighties that intercourse first commenced between the subjects of the Russian Emperor and the dusky inhabitants of Abyssinia. A party of so-called Free Cossacks, under their hetman Atchinoff, appeared at the court of King John, Menelek's predecessor, and offered their services against the Italians, then establishing themselves at Massowah. On returning to Russia, Atchinoff took with him some Abyssinian priests, with the object of consolidating a hierarchical union of the Eastern Orthodox Church with that of Abyssinia. The project aroused some enthusiasm among the Russian people and clergy, but received no encouragement from the government. Atchinoff undertook a second trip to Abyssinia, for the purpose of starting a Cossack colony there, but a quietus was finally put on his ambitions by a French man-of-war, which shelled his party off the coast of Sagallo, and obliged him to leave the country for good.

It was not until the year 1889 that the progress of the British and Italians in North Africa decided the Russian government to send a mission to the Abyssinian court, under Lieutenant Mashkoff. King John had just been killed in battle with the Mahdists, and Menelek, although once in the pay of the Italian government, welcomed the Czar's emissaries with warmth.

In January, 1895, Captain Nicolai Stepanovitch Leontieff, a retired officer in the cavalry of the imperial guard and a well-known traveller, visited the Negus at the head of a second mission. This expedition had been organized ostensibly for exploration purposes, but there can be no doubt that its primary objects were of a political nature. Leontieff won the confidence of Menelek, to whom he presented many valuable gifts from the Czar and various Russian notabilities. Upon his return to Russia he was accompanied by Prince Damto and a suite as special envoys to the court of Russia. Among the suite were an

DRILLING ABYSSINIAN GUIDES AT LEONTIEFF'S CAMP—THE AWKWARD SQUAD.

KING MENELEK ENTERING THE PALACE, FOLLOWED BY ENGINEER ILG.

DEPARTURE OF THE ROYAL GUARD FOR FIELD MANŒUVRES.

LEONTIEFF, WITH HIS PARTY, FORDING A RIVER.

ABYSSINIAN ROYAL GUARDS WITH CAPTURED ITALIAN CANNON.

THE GUARD-HOUSE, ROYAL PALACE, ANTALO.

ebony-hued archbishop and a "hierodiac," a minor Church dignitary. The reception of these "African brethren" is best described in the words of an eye-witness.

"We have been witnessing for some time," he says, "the most enthusiastic demonstrations of popularity towards the Abyssinian envoys. The climax of public enthusiasm appeared to be reached when at the service of the cathedral the Russian folk in numbers knelt down and kissed the feet of the Abyssinian archbishop and the Hierodiac Christodul. It was at that moment that the Abyssinian high-priest gave vent to an expression in Persian which was translated as meaning that at last he saw that the Abyssinian Church and the Russian were one, with the same God, the same religion. This is the cry on which they have come here. It is echoed in the press, in official circles, in speeches; it is encouraged everywhere."

LEONTIEFF'S COSSACKS AND SOME ABYSSINIAN GUARDSMEN ON THE PALACE STEPS, ANTALO.

With all its solemnity, it must be admitted that the scene here described presented a certain element of incongruity. But whether based on logical foundations or not, the bonds uniting the Orthodox Church with the Monophysites—such is their name—of Abyssinia are only becoming closer as time wears on, and simultaneously with them the political ties between the two countries, or, more strictly speaking, between the Franco-Russian alliance on one hand and the Empire of Abyssinia on the other.

Captain Leontieff, in the mean while, has been raised to the dignity of Count by his new master, and has been appointed Governor-General of the equatorial provinces of Ethiopia, a vast tract of territory, larger than France, lying south of the borders of Abyssinia proper, and north of the British territory of Uganda. He is at present passing his time between St. Petersburg and Paris, making preparations to assume the reins of government in his new domain early next year, in which task he will be seconded by his friend and fellow-traveller Prince Henry of Orleans. Leontieff is a tall, handsome man of thirty-five years, who owes his success in life to his indomitable pluck and energy, nothing to chance or to family influence. For a while his independence of character rendered him a *persona non grata* in Russian official circles, but the magnitude of his services has finally been recognized even by his severest critics at home, and the Emperor himself has set the example by honoring him in an exemplary manner. Count Leontieff and Atto Joseph, the Negus's special envoy, have been received in private audience at the Winter Palace, and have been treated with many marks of consideration.

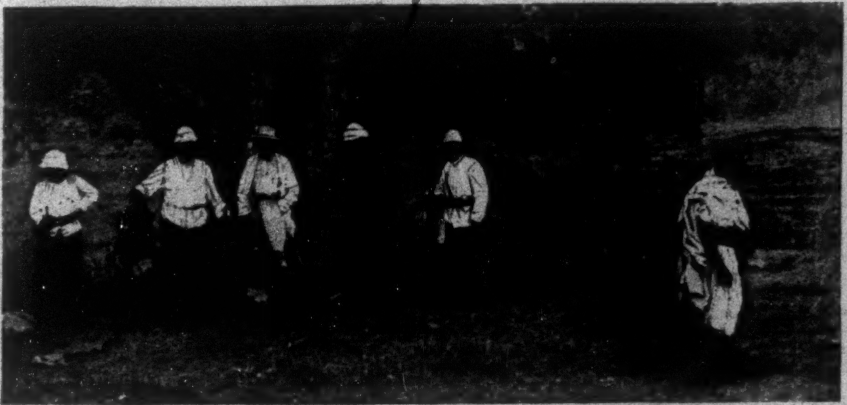
The photographs presented herewith are reproduced from Count Leontieff's private collection, made during his three trips through Abyssinia. As an intimate of the Negus he secured many opportunities of indulging his taste for photography denied to the ordinary traveller, and indeed his royal patron became sufficiently interested in the possibilities of the camera to "press the button" himself on more than one occasion. He would also have "done the rest" had his courtiers not grown alarmed at his new fad, and fearing it might divert him from his numerous regal duties, privately entreated the count to refrain from initiating him into the mysteries of the dark room. The picture of the Empress Taïtou or Tségaïtou with her three young children gives the result of one of the Negus's efforts. The apartment is the private sitting-room of the palace at Antalo, which no one but members of the family and the royal household servants is allowed to enter. The decorative panels on the walls are red and white, the work of a native artist, the rest of the wood-work light brown and green. The Negus is a lover of mechanics, hence the phonograph has been a source of unalloyed joy and happiness to him. One of the photographs shows him listening through the instrument to a martial air played by the celebrated Russian military band of the Preobrajenskis.

QUEEN TAÏTOU AND HER CHILDREN IN THEIR PRIVATE APARTMENTS.
This Picture was taken by King Menelek himself.

He is endeavoring, by-the-way, to organize a band for himself, with the help of a shipment of brass instruments sent from Russia, but the experiment has not made much headway as yet, his bandsmen having a deeply rooted aversion to keeping time. But if not good musicians, the Abyssinians certainly make splendid fighters, as the Italians discovered to their cost. Several of the photographs show us types of the brawny, sinewy warriors who "wiped the ground" with Baratieri's men at Adowa, and one picture shows us a portion of the cannon captured on that memorable occasion.

One peculiarity is worthy of remark in connection with these interesting photographic documents, all of which have been made during the present year. They furnish *primâ facie* evidence that even though Menelek may desire to introduce such European innovations as shall prove of practical benefit to his people, he has made no attempt to interfere with their distinctly national customs. Two years have elapsed since Adowa, and Abyssinia has taken her rank among nations, but the Abyssinian shows no tendency to throw off his national robes and skins and don the attire or ape the manners of the Europeans. The plug hat and claw-hammer coat have no attractions for him, nor do visions of epaulets or lace-embroidered uniforms keep him awake nights. One is almost inclined to believe him, therefore, despite his black face and kinky hair, when he declares that he is really no son of Ham, but belongs to a superior race.

V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.



Cossack. Leontieff. Henry of Orleans. M. Mourichon. Cossack.

LEONTIEFF AND PARTY ON A HUNTING EXCURSION.

MENELEK RETURNING TO THE PALACE GROUNDS AFTER A PROMENADE.

# THE DRAMA.

In "A Ward of France," produced last week at Wallack's Theatre for the first time in New York, Messrs. Franklin Fyles and Eugene Presbrey deliberately undertook to write a popular drama that would flatter the eye and make a forcible appeal to the emotions. From their point of view, they have succeeded perfectly. They shrewdly chose the picturesque period when Louisiana passed rapidly from the possession of Spain to France and then to the United States, and by weaving the story of the pirate Jean Lafitte with the histories of a number of exalted personages, they were able to present a series of brilliantly decorated scenes, and to achieve a number of exciting situations. According to the fashion of many of our playwrights, they probably planned the whole action of the drama before writing a word of dialogue, and if their work could have been performed in pantomime, it would have shown itself to be an ingenious piece of stage artifice. In creating speeches for their characters, however, they plainly betrayed the sacrifice to theatrical effect that they had made of all considerations of common-sense, not to speak of accurate character-drawing. No play can be considered a rational play, or even an endurable melodrama, unless it is able to sustain at least a remote comparison with the human life it is supposed to represent. "A Ward of France" cannot endure such a test for one moment. If we try to imagine in daily life, for example, the old priest in the first act, who goes about striking attitudes and distributing blessings, we shall at once see that he is simply insane. As a matter of fact, most of the characters in "A Ward of France" are impossible; their virtue is cheap sentiment; their vice is burlesque; most of their methods and motives of action have no basis in reason. It is inexcusable that Mr. Fyles, for many years dramatic critic of one of the leading journals in the country, and Mr. Presbrey, a stage-manager of proved ability, should ask the public to accept such a drama. It is cruel of them, too, to give such work to the actors of reputation who took the chief parts. Of these, one only deserves mention—Miss Elita Procter Otis, who played the arduous rôle of the fortune-telling mother of *Jean Lafitte* with fine discretion.

The success at Daly's Theatre of the comedy adapted from the German by F. C. Burnand, and called "Number Nine," may be attributed less to its slight merits than to the cleverness of Mr. Daly's actors. It is built on a new and amusing idea, the representation in the cinematograph of a young husband's flirtation on the beach at Ostend, but this device is exploited in the conventional way, largely through the repeated quarrels of the jealous wife with the frivolous husband, and through the introduction of the conventional relatives. The performers did surprisingly well with the material, playing swiftly, dexterously, and with even excellence. The heaviest burden fell upon Mr. Cyril Scott in the rôle of the husband, an actor who, as leading juvenile of Mr. Daly's company, is at last in his right place. Mr. Scott, equipped with a graceful figure, a pleasant voice, and a natural method, gave a performance that would have been flawless save for that suggestion of vulgarity in manner which has long marred his work. As a cockney prize-fighter Mr. Joseph Herbert presented a remarkably clever characterization, and in the rôle of an impulsive Irish lover Mr. Richman produced a capital brogue, and acted with spirit. Mrs. Gilbert made the mother-in-law thoroughly lifelike and delightful, instead of the wooden figure that usually goes by this name on the stage. A young English girl, Miss Lettice Fairfax, new to our stage, made a very pleasant impression as the *ingénue*.

Madame Alexandra Viarda made an effort at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last week to retrieve her failure with her previous performances. For a second time she handicapped herself with an old-fashioned, stilted, and monotonous melodrama. "Deborah," best known in this country as "Leah, the Forsaken," has had great popularity with emotional actresses, because from beginning to end it is sustained on a high key. In recent years, however, the public taste has shown a healthy reaction against works so overwrought, and we have learned that an ability to speak at the top of the voice through a whole evening is not the only evidence of genius that a player can give. A really great actress, even using a foreign language, might be able to force the New York public to accept "Deborah" again; but in spite of unquestionable gifts, Madame Viarda is not great enough for that. As the persecuted Jewess, she had opportunities to do more robust work than Richard Voss's "Alexandra" afforded her, and the passionate scenes she interpreted with a fine fervor. The whole characterization, indeed, was vigorously sustained. Madame Viarda, however, has not been able to overcome the apathy of the public. Her performances here would seem to indicate that in her own country she occupies a respectable though by no means an exalted position.

A student of the drama has lately been making inquiries with regard to the lives of actors. Many actors, it seems, go on the stage at about the age of twenty, though Lawrence Barrett used to maintain that a theatrical career should begin at the latest at eighteen, while the player was still plastic and could be most easily trained. The age when an actor begins to lose his hold on the public is forty. After that time his livelihood becomes very precarious. The rate of payment in the theatre is far less than it is supposed to be, the brevity of the usual season—thirty weeks—bringing it down to a very low average. Moreover, the expenses of life on the road and of costumes are enormous. Under these conditions it is not surprising to hear that very few of the men on the stage ever save money, and that many of them, after a lifetime of service in amusing the public, are dependent during their last years on charity. The women of the stage are more provident, though few of them succeed in making more than a bare subsistence. A few weeks ago Miss Mary Shaw presented statistics showing how small a percentage of the receipts of a performance went to the actors, and how large a percentage went to the manager, and made an earnest appeal for a movement to improve the actor's condition. There is no doubt that it needs to be improved, but before measures can be taken, the present methods in the management of our theatres will have to be radically changed. These are so grossly extravagant that they defeat their own purpose, for while a very few managers make money, hundreds are ruined. To the costly productions on our stage are due the absurdly high prices of seats, which make the theatre a luxury for the few, instead of a source of pleasure and profit to every one, as it is in Europe. When we return, as we must do, to simpler productions, and pay more attention to the plays and the performances than to the scenery, our actors will receive better treatment and do better work, and dramatic art in general will profit.

We have had several plays from books of late, and soon we are to see a play drawn, oddly enough, from several books. Mr. James MacArthur, one of the editors of *The Bookman*, and Mr. Tom Hall, a well-known contributor to the periodicals, have completed a comedy for which episodes and characters were largely furnished by Ian Maclaren's two collections of short stories, and by his novel *Kate Carnegie*. The idea is original and bold, and the mere statement that the drama, though written by men practically unknown to the stage, has been accepted by two prominent managers, and is to be produced at a Broadway theatre, suggests that the work may have merit. The outline of the play is understood to have received the approval of Dr. Watson during his visit in this country, and the production will be interesting not only as the dramatization of some of the most popular fiction of the day, but as an indirect contribution to the theatre from a clergyman. The piece is to be called "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," the scene being laid, of course, in "Drumtochty," and it will include among the characters such popular figures as *Lachlan Campbell*—to be played, by-the-way, by that veteran actor, Mr. J. H. Stoddart, who is himself a Scotchman—*Flora Campbell*, *Rev. John Carmichael*, *Kate Carnegie*, *Margaret Howe*, and *Jamie Soutar*.

Two interesting productions have lately been made in London—a dramatization of *Henry Esmond* by T. Edgar Pemberton, and the play written in collaboration several years ago by Robert Louis Stevenson and W. E. Henley, entitled "Admiral Guinea." Mr. Pemberton's drama, carefully presented by that admirable actor Mr. Edward Compton, is said to have been well received, and "Admiral Guinea," as might have been expected by those who had read the piece, was found to be deficient dramatically, but interesting for its literary qualities. In our own country, Mr. Anthony Hope has come to the rescue of Mr. Edward Sothern, who has seriously suffered this year from lack of a suitable play, and given him a comedy, entitled "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," which, on its recent first production in Philadelphia, won an immediate success.

The tragic death in London of William Terriss, at the height of his popularity, has removed from the English-speaking stage one of the most brilliant of its romantic actors. Mr. Terriss had every gift requisite for his work—a superb presence, a strong handsome face, a fine voice, and a capacity for interpreting his rôles with rare intelligence and with abundant vitality. He was known in this country chiefly through his association with Henry Irving's company, where for several years he held the position of leading man. He has also acted here as star in melodrama, with which he has lately been identified at the London Adelphi Theatre.

John D. Barry.

WILLIAM TERRISS.

# FIGURES OF PROSPERITY.

The official report from the Bureau of Statistics gives the export of merchandise for the ten months of 1897 ending with October as $638,734,259, showing a gain over the corresponding ten months of 1896 of $56,178,651. This enormous percentage of increase, while largely owing to our big wheat exports at high prices—a movement, with checks now and then, still going on, and likely to flow till next spring—cannot be entirely accounted for by the feature of foreign cereal demand. There has been a very large increase in the foreign demand for railroad material and appliances from Australia, China, and Japan, and even Canada has been active in her call on American mills. Sugar has shared in the augment of the export trade, and cotton manufactures, from the more expensive prints to cotton cloth, have had part in the boom, specially in the increased South American demand. The last feature is particularly gratifying, as hitherto the Germans and the English, by their more scientific financial apparatus of banking and exchange, as well as by their shrewder adaptation of goods to the needs of the market, have practically cut the ground from under our feet. Americans are just beginning to master the essential conditions of a successful South American commerce. All these things serve to buoy the hope that our business revival is a genuine one which has come to stay, although the stimulus has not yet permeated every branch of affairs.

If the figures of merchandise exports are so hopeful, those of exports and imports of coin and bullion are not less full of significance. Analysis of the government report covering corresponding periods of ten months in 1896 and 1897 (January and October inclusive) is pregnant with interesting deduction. During these relative ten months of two years the balance of gold imports in our favor has been $27,155,215; on the other hand, we have exported a surplus of $79,875,282 in silver. In brief, we have gained in the metal which we need, and have been drained of the metal which we can better spare than retain. That the gold has come to stay, and that the silver has gone to stay, there can be no reasonable doubt. But this gratifying influx of gold from abroad only accounts for a small part of the profuse reappearance of the yellow metal. That points to the fact that the hearts of men everywhere through the broad land have become reassured, and that gold has poured out in a rich stream from all its multitudinous hiding-places to fill its true function. Increased activity in gold-mining during the last two years, valuable adjunct as that may have been, has cut a comparatively small figure in the problem.

# A SCHOOLMISTRESS ABROAD.

The French Academy has not often honored a more independent and interesting benevolence than the work of a humble little old woman of the people, Madame Bonnefois, lately received by that august assembly. Madame Bonnefois is the daughter of a hard-working couple who kept a stall for selling mechanical toys, removing it to one part of Paris or of the environs of the capital according to the dates of the different "fairs" that are so largely a feature of French city life even in this day of the passing of ancient institutions. She had no early education except what she picked up from placards and posters and the gaudy advertisements of cheap shows. But somehow she learned to read and to write correctly. With that matter achieved, she began, at eighteen, to teach the little children of the ambulant booths about her, wherever she happened to be stationed, passing on to them her own little store of elementary knowledge. The children of the travelling shows in France—as elsewhere—have no time to go to the municipal schools. Their parents, who are gymnasts, athletes, "fakirs," and such like, must shift about so continually that no particular parish can take in hand the education of such strolling entertainers. Madame Bonnefois, almost without realizing it, became the schoolmistress of this wandering horde. She has pursued from town to town her calling and her scholars, keeping them remarkably under her eye and instruction. She managed to acquire a cheap panorama show, and chiefly out of the receipts of this she paid for her remarkable charity. In 1893 the clergy in and near Paris became interested in her work, and she was aided by a private subvention from the Archbishop of Rouen and from others. She had hitherto supplied everything herself—time, tuition, school materials, school-room, and all. She has now over two hundred and fifty children, exclusively those of the travelling shows, the *forain* youth, under her care. Not only has she taught them, but Madame Bonnefois has ministered to their corporeal wants. She has saved dozens of them from bodily suffering and moral ruin. Rarely has she been able to stay more than fifteen days in one place, but always with the moving of the show-booths to a new "fair" has she moved, and set up the school wherever the new halt came—from Montmartre to Vincennes, from the Place du Trône to St.-Cloud or Neuilly. Madame Bonnefois has now received not only honor, but 2500 francs, from the Academy, and charitable and educational Paris is cordially appreciative of her work. She purposes using the money at once for building a travelling school-booth, greatly to the convenience and economy of her work. She is sixty-six years old. M. Jules Claretie presented Madame Bonnefois to the Academy, and its reception was one given as if to "a vision of purity and of bohemian saintliness."

# TWO CHRISTMASES—1827-1897.

## IN AN OLD NEW YORK HOUSE.

On window-panes with time grown dim
The Christmas dawn, unbright'ning, falls,
And slowly creeps across the grim
Bare floor and barren walls:
Where once the happy-hearted calls
Of children welcomed in the day,
Through empty rooms and silent halls
Soft-foot their phantoms stray.

This mansion once patricians knew,
Here proud, beribboned beauty smiled,
Here joys were many, grievings few:—
And now? A little child,
Unkempt, untaught, each hour reviled,
Steals from her bed like some gray wraith,
To all her sorrows reconciled,
And strong in childish faith.

For she, whose heritage is such,
Her tattered hope, confiding, swung,
To wait the Saint's transforming touch,
The ghosts of hopes among.
Ah, Christmas eve, to be so young!
Ah, Christmas morn, to be so old!
To wake, and find a lying tongue
The gracious legend told!

Would God adown the years could stray
The glamour of that magic night,
Some part of that enchanted day
That brought such keen delight,
Some glimpse of children gowned in white
Who knew the mansion in its prime,
To set the Christmas world aright
With her of later time!

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

# THIS BUSY WORLD

The spread of the persuasion known as Christian Science is an interesting incident of current times. Persons who are at all informed about Christian Science matters know that the adherents of that sect have built a large and handsome church in Boston, which is well supported and prosperous. After Boston, the greatest centre of the sect is Chicago. On November 15 the First Church of Christ (Scientist), of Chicago, was dedicated. It is a handsome building of Greek architecture, and cost, furnished and equipped for use, about $106,000. The money was raised promptly and easily. The dedication was an occasion of very lively interest to the adherents of the new belief. About 10,000 of them came to it, visitors being present from seventy-five different towns and cities in eighteen States, and the total number of them being so far in excess of the capacity of the building that the dedicatory services were repeated before three successive audiences. The services were conducted by two readers, Mr. E. B. Kimball and Mrs. Ruth Ewing, the wife of Judge Ewing. The chief feature of them was the dedicatory address, composed by Mrs. Eddy herself and transmitted from Boston, and read by Mr. Kimball. Here are three extracts from that address:

> On April 15, 1891, the Christian Science text-book lay on a table in a burning building; a Christian Scientist entered the house through a window and snatched this book from the flames. Instantly the table sank, a charred mass. The covers of the book were burned up, but not one word in the book was effaced. If the world were in ashes, the contents of *Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures*, would remain immortal.
>
> . . . . . . . . . . .
>
> In our struggles with sin and sinners, when we drop compliance with their desires, insist on what we know is right, and act accordingly, then the disguised or the self-satisfied mind not ready to be uplifted rebels, misconstrues our best motives, and calls them unkind. But this is the cross. Take it up. It wins the crown.
>
> . . . . . . . . . . .
>
> The statistics of mortality show that thirty years ago the death-rate was at its maximum. Since that time it has steadily decreased. It is authentically said that one expositor of Daniel's dates fixed the year 1866 or 1867 for the return of Christ—the return of the Spiritual Idea to the material earth, or antipode of heaven. It is a marked coincidence that those dates were the first two years of my discovery of Christian Science.

It will be seen that the writer of those sentences thoroughly believes in the importance of her discovery, and sees in all intelligence that questions it "the disguised or the self-satisfied mind not ready to be uplifted."

Christian Science seems more nearly argument-proof than any other familiar modern phase of belief. There is something in it, of course, but the unterrified will maintain that there is something in Mormonism too. It is a strong force. It has done much apparent good and much apparent mischief. Its chief fight seems to have been against the contemporary practice of medicine, and in that contest it has had the advantage of contending against a branch of science which is still in the experimental stage, the doctors of which are in pretty constant disagreement with one another, and which, being human, has to carry as great a load of human imperfections as other professions. The doctors of medicine, however, don't claim to be infallible, whereas it seems not to be an injustice to say that the fully persuaded Christian Scientist never admits the possibility of a mistake. The assurance of the cult is heroic. If the patient dies under Christian Science treatment from causes apparently controllable by medical science, there is no admission of error in the treatment; everything was done that was possible, and the result was due either to the will of Providence or to the depravity of inanimate things. The observer may go and beat his head against a wall. The Christian Science healer, claiming the physician's privilege to lose a case now and then, goes on, confident of better luck another time. This claim of the physician's privilege is, on the face of it, a reasonable claim. Its weakness is that the carnal mind is usually unable to comprehend that the Christian Science healer has taken such a course of instruction as would seem to entitle her to be intrusted with the responsibilities she is ready to assume. This point came up the other day in Philadelphia, when, on December 6, Judge Pennypacker refused a charter for such a church as has just been dedicated in Chicago. The judge, having what Mrs. Eddy would call "the self-satisfied mind not ready to be uplifted," denied the application of the society on the ground that the intention was "to establish a prescribed method of practising the art of healing the diseases of the body," and that the qualifications of practitioners of medicine in Pennsylvania are determined by a law, the provisions of which the charter would violate. The judge's action is interesting but of doubtful practical importance. Christian Science is bound to have its fling. Neither law, nor persecution, nor ridicule, nor argument will stop it. If it pays, in the long-run it may prosper; if it doesn't pay, it will probably disappear. The celebrated remark of Mr. Lincoln, lately quoted by Mr. James G. Bennett in relation to the *Evening Telegram*, is relevant.

And, by-the-way, it is rumored that the medical trade is not very good just now in New York. There is evidence of the truth of the report in the impassioned objection of many physicians to the free dispensaries and clinics. What ails us all. Or, to be more accurate, what doesn't ail us all? The *Sun* quotes "a well-known elderly physician" as saying that this is the worst season for doctors and nurses that has been known for ten years. What's up? Has Colonel Waring kept the city so clean that there has been less excuse than usual for falling sick? Have so many appendices been taken away that no survivor dares to have a stomach-ache? Have the times been so bad, and are rents so high and flats so restricted, that babies have gone out of fashion? This "elderly physician" whom the *Sun* quotes speaks of seeing doctors of his acquaintance, who used always to be busy, sitting in their windows in office hours reading newspapers. He says the trained nurses, the very best ones, complain of hard times and few engagements. Yet the torn-up streets and the profusion of deleterious smells were to have made this a sickly season. The "elderly physician" is not sure the season has been unduly healthy or that the hard times for doctors are due to lack of illness. It would seem, then, that doctors are less trusted and called in than formerly, or that they do their business better and make less work of it. This last may well be the case. In these days of Pasteurism and microbe-hunting and specialists and antiseptic surgery, disease has to watch its chance and jump at it, or it is gone. A great deal of sickness is sidetracked; much is choked off before it has had half a chance. Many profitable cases of first-rate promise are sent out of town. Just as soon as a New York doctor gets a paying patient on his legs he sends him away to Lakewood, to Europe, to Florida, to the North Woods, according to the season, but always far enough to dispose of him as a source of income.

Another thing that must hurt the doctors' trade here is the passing of the family physician. Specialists abound in New York, but family physicians are fast disappearing, and promise presently to be as rare as hairy elephants. When you have a family physician, and like him, you call him in whenever there is anything the matter, and even if there is not much for him to do, you have the fun of advising with him and being reassured. But when you go to one wise man for croup, to another for gout, to another for dyspepsia, to another for headache, and to half a dozen others for ailments too intimate to be set down, it's a different matter. You don't go to a specialist until you are sure there is something the matter. You have to wait until the symptoms get some development before you know which specialist to go to, and often enough, while you are waiting to find out, the whole disease peters out and mends itself. In old times in New York when there were family physicians, when you suspected you were going to be ill, but were not sure, the family physician got the benefit of the doubt, but the specialist does not. Every one who has had experience knows that that is true. To call in a familiar friend is one thing; to call in a distinguished but unfamiliar gentleman is another. The things that cause us most anxiety are things that never happen. The illnesses that brought physicians a large part—perhaps the most—of their pecuniary reward were illnesses that didn't really materialize. The family physician got the benefit of the *vis medicatrix naturæ*. He got there in time to stand by and see it work. It was his friend and ally. The specialist benefits by it in less measure, for he is less promptly summoned, and it is liable to finish up the job before he gets there.

The London *Lancet* has lately expressed its regret at the signs of the waning prestige and influence of the medical profession. That looks as if the embarrassments that beset physicians in New York were operative in London also. There seems to be some reason to anticipate a time when New York families will contract with a syndicate of physicians—comprising a complete set of the necessary specialists—for the supervision of the family health at a fixed annual price.

The career of Mr. Daniel W. Powers, of Rochester, who died on December 11, was marked with so much individuality as to be worthy of attention. Mr. Powers was born in Batavia, and was early left an orphan, with his head, his hands, and an uncle as his only visible means of support. He came to Rochester while still a young lad, hired out to a hardware merchant, and worked hard and faithfully for him for twelve years. By that time he had saved enough money to set up a modest banking business. In that he prospered, and by the time the civil war came was well-to-do. When the opportunity offered he invested heavily in government bonds, backing the Union to the extent of his ability. That exercise of judgment made him a rich man, and then he began the construction of that Powers Fire-proof Commercial Building which caused the geographers of the late sixties to describe Rochester as "pleasantly and conveniently located on the Genesee River around the base of Powers's Block." "Powers's Block" was one of the first noted commercial buildings in the State, and brought its owner widespread notoriety. Jealous citizens of Buffalo came to see it, and went home sorrowful. Indeed, there were few office-buildings in New York at that date which were as big or notable. It was its owner's pride, and in a way his pet. The original building, on the best corner in Rochester, was of stone, four stories high, with a mansard. To that Mr. Powers presently added iron extensions on each side, which more than doubled its capacity; and ten years later, when the new style of steel-frame construction developed rival office-buildings of excessive height, he added to his building three more mansards and a tall steel tower. The architectural result is exceedingly remarkable.

Besides being a banker and a builder, Mr. Powers became a patron of art. He bought a great many paintings, including many that were first rate, and gradually formed in the upper stories of his "block" a gallery which has few peers and no fellow. There are many excellent pictures in it, and some good sculpture. There are also decorations of astonishing qualities, music-boxes, orchestrions, clocks, porcelains, upholsteries, and articles of diverse and edifying virtue. Connected with the twenty or thirty rooms of this gallery is a dancing-hall, and connected with that is the Powers Hotel. During the last twenty-five years there has been nothing on earth—nothing in the *Arabian Nights* even—that was at all like Powers's Block and its accessories. Now the Astoria has been built, and the world shows signs of catching up. But even the Astoria is not Powers's Block. It is handsomer, but not nearly so queer, and it has no art gallery and no offices.

Mr. Powers enjoyed his block very much, and was constantly embellishing and improving it. He enjoyed his picture-gallery also, and spent a good part of every day there. It is a public gallery, to which any one is admitted on payment of twenty-five cents, and scores of visitors go through it every day. It has been useful and advantageous to Rochester, and has helped notably to make that town interesting both to its own people and to strangers.

Mr. Powers's willingness to share his chief pleasures with all comers was an exemplary democratic trait. There was something very pleasantly childlike in his pride in his block and his perpetual pleasure in his art gallery. To remain a child in some particulars is a very fortunate achievement, and entitles the person who compasses it to be gently envied by his fellows.

Mr. Powers will be greatly missed in Rochester, and sincerely mourned by many people there.

St. Paul and Minneapolis being in the same State, on the same river, and only ten miles apart, it is necessarily evident to every unprejudiced person that their names and qualities are interchangeable at will, and that when you speak of one, meaning the other, it serves all practical purposes just as well as if you named the one you meant. It is hard, however, to make this simple geographical fact acceptable to the two cities concerned, and perhaps it was to be expected that reproaches should come to the WEEKLY from St. Paul because, the other day, in telling about the plans for the new public library in New York, it named as one of the seven jurymen who arranged the competition and passed upon the plans "Mr. Cass Gilbert, of Minneapolis." Mr. Gilbert lives, not actually in Minneapolis, but a few miles outside of that city, in St. Paul. He is the architect of the new Minnesota State Capitol, which is also in St. Paul, and is so distinguished an architect that perhaps it is excusable for the St. Paul people to want his place of residence to be accurately stated.

The opposition of President Ward of the National Sculpture Society, and President Barney of the Municipal Art Society, members of the Municipal Art Commission, would seem to settle the question of putting the New York Soldiers and Sailors' Monument in the Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street Plaza. At the meeting of the Art Commission on December 14, President Ward and President Barney both voted against the motion to put the Stoughton monument on the Plaza site, and it was lost. The objection is not to the monument, but to the site. The Plaza, in the opinion of these experts, is dedicated, first of all, to Central Park, and they oppose any use of it, or any adornment of it, which does not form a part of a comprehensive and artistic design for an approach to the Park. Through Mr. Barney the Municipal Art Society recorded its conviction that the Plaza site was as bad for the monument as the monument was for the Plaza, since the high buildings about the Plaza would certainly dwarf the monument, and the monument would interfere with the future embellishment of the Plaza as an artistic whole.

Mr. Gardiner Greene Hubbard, who died on December 11 at his home just outside of Washington, made exceptionally successful work of the business of living. He came of an old Massachusetts family, and was born near Boston in 1822. He graduated at Dartmouth College, studied law in the Harvard Law School, and eventually became the junior partner of Benjamin Robbins Curtis. He was also deeply implicated in various business concerns, was the organizer and president of the Cambridge Horse-Railway Company—one of the first to be started in this country—and was president of the Cambridge Water-Works and Gas-Light companies.

In 1860 Mr. Hubbard's infant daughter lost her hearing, as the result of an illness, and he was told that she would very soon lose the power of speech also, as a consequence of not hearing spoken language. His daughter's misfortune turned Mr. Hubbard's attention to the education of the deaf, and interested him presently in the system of visible speech invented about that time by Alexander Melville Bell. By this system his daughter was taught both to speak and to read the lips, in both of which accomplishments she became wonderfully proficient. She afterwards married Professor Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone.

Mr. Hubbard's relations with the Bells, beginning with their system of teaching the deaf, resulted in his taking an early and important interest in the Bell telephone. When that was brought to his attention he took hold of it with enthusiasm, bringing to it capital, experience as an organizer, and trained business faculties. By that time he had moved from Boston to Washington in pursuit of a milder climate. In 1878 he gave up the practice of law to devote himself to the Bell Telephone Company, of which he became the projector and a large stockholder. His affiliations with Boston brought Boston capital into the concern, and eventually resulted in increased fiscal ease to many of his former neighbors. That every one connected with the Bell Telephone Company got rich is matter of history, and Mr. Hubbard was not an exception. He continued, however, to be active in mind and comprehensively efficacious in the promotion of works of public and benevolent concern. He had already established (in 1866) a school for the deaf at Chelmsford, Massachusetts. It was successful, and was eventually merged into the Clarke Institution at Northampton, Massachusetts, with which Mr. Hubbard was intimately connected from its start, either as president or director. Indeed, the teaching of the deaf seems always to have been nearer his heart than any other public interest, and, as has been shown, his connection with the telephone grew out of it.

He was commissioner to the Centennial Exposition in 1876, was long president of the National Geographical Society, was a regent of the Columbian University and the Smithsonian Institution, and vice-president of the American Association of Manufacturers and Inventors.

However Mr. John Fox, Jr., may seem to maintain that Kentucky—barring some counties in the mountains—is very much like other civilized districts, with differences in favor of Kentucky, things do happen down there that surprise persons who are not centaurs or lineal descendants of Daniel Boone. The ardor with which eminent Kentuckians enter into disputes is always somewhat astonishing to effete Americans in other States. Where else could have developed such a difference as lately obtained as to which of two Kentucky ladies should christen the battle-ship *Kentucky?* It was settled finally, but not until the din of it had penetrated the extreme confines of the Union. How painful it all was: Miss Richardson claiming, under a patent from Secretary Herbert; that gentleman's embarrassed disclaimer; and Major Baruk Thomas's lamentation over the loss of a quart of Dan Swiggert 1855 whiskey, consecrated by him to patriotic uses, and believed to have been absorbed by the Cleveland administration! Eheu! Alas! Why has Kentucky no Hans Breitmann to put its epics into verse? E. S. MARTIN.

CHARLES BUTLER, LL.D.

## ALPHONSE DAUDET.

THREE years ago François Coppée published in one of the Parisian journals a pathetic account of a visit he had just paid to Alphonse Daudet. At that time, though not yet fifty-five years of age, Daudet was a broken figure. For the past ten years, indeed, he has been what is so aptly described in the terrible French phrase *un homme fatigué*. The faltering hand was shown in his last published work, *La Petite Paroisse*, and though all lovers of French literature must regret the passing of one of its greatest modern writers, there is solace in the thought that the best work he was capable of doing has probably been done.

For the south of France, where he was born, Daudet had the characteristically French mingling of love and contempt. Though he used to ridicule the southern temperament, he reproduced it in his works again and again with a beautiful tenderness. He stood himself for the type of young French provincial who, with a passion for literary distinction, turns broken-heartedly from his home in the southern country to seek his fortune among the temptations and the cruelties of Paris.

One of the simplest and loveliest things in modern French literature is Daudet's account of the early years of starvation and poetry and cheap theatre-going at the Odéon, when, with his crude talents insufficiently trained at a lycée in Lyons and at the school of Alais, where he had held a humble post, he tried with his pen to gain a livelihood from Parisian editors. Thousands of boys under twenty were probably undertaking the same task, and even when he stood out from them in the brilliantly successful years that followed, Daudet never forgot the miseries of that time. A clever book of verse, published in 1858, with the touching and amusing title *Les Amoureuses*, opened to him the door of French society, so important a factor in a young Frenchman's literary success. Friends secured for him a secretaryship with the Duc de Morny, and during the glittering years of the Empire, from 1861 to 1865, while Morny was President of the Corps Legislatif, Daudet was thrown into the thick of political and social life. This experience was of course immensely valuable to him, and in his work he turned it to good account. Without neglecting verse-writing, he began to undertake articles for the daily press, stories, and, in collaboration with Ernest Lépine, short plays as well. In a few years he became known as one of the strongest of the younger men who felt the influence of Flaubert. Yet he cannot be said to have followed closely in the footsteps of the master of realism; he was never able to develop out of a certain sentimentality that weakened his work. One feels this very strongly in comparing his fiction with the stories and the novels of so unswerving a realist as Maupassant.

In spite of his unevenness, however, Daudet could rise to wonderful power. In *Sapho*, for example, the novel which has made him known to every civilized country of the world, there is not the least suggestion from beginning to end of loss of vigor. Without being as great as the best work of Maupassant, it has a greatness of its own, as not only an absorbing and terrible record of the inevitably corrupting influence of vice, but as a faithful picture of life and a profound study of character. As a humorist it is doubtful if Daudet can ever be widely appreciated outside his own country. In his three books recounting the adventures of Tartarin he displays his skill in eccentric character-drawing, as well as the French love of ridicule, which cannot be regarded as a very noble element of humor. Some of his strongest work was done in the drama, though in this field too he had his disappointments. One of his most artistic achievements was "L'Arlésienne," a powerful work, for which Bizet wrote the famous incidental music. Though at first unsuccessful, it is still put on the stage in Paris at intervals; it is curiously significant of the absolutely Gallic quality of Daudet's genius. The drama exploited at length the state of mind of a young man crazy with love for a worthless woman whom he could not marry. To a Frenchman this is a serious situation, worthy of serious treatment in art; to the Anglo-Saxon it is contemptible and tedious. In other words, Daudet was as far removed from the Anglo-Saxon temperament as the average Frenchman is. He was interested in the world outside France; yet Paris was his world, and when less than three years ago he ran over from Paris for a little visit in London, his trip created the excitement of a journey of exploration.

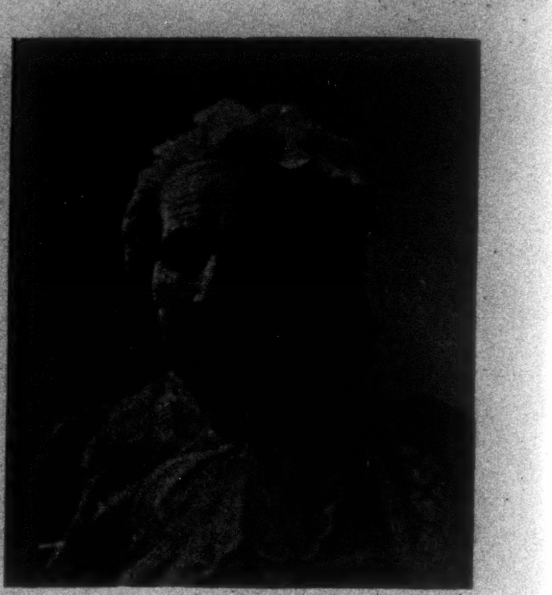
J. D. B.

## CHARLES BUTLER, LL.D.

THE death of Charles Butler takes from the busy world a personality which, unassociated with the garish claims of political eminence or mere brilliancy of career, stands out from the social plane to which he belonged as one of singular and enduring worth. As lawyer, man of business, an exponent of wide and varied culture, and philanthropist, he has been accepted by his contemporaries as a typical example of all that is best in American life.

Mr. Butler came of admirable stock, his great-grandfather, who came to this country in 1724, having been one of the distinguished Irish family of Butlers. His mother, too, it is said, was a lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell. He was born at Kinderhook Landing, New York, in 1802, and spent his early days on a farm. After graduation from an academy he entered the law-office of his townsman Martin Van Buren, afterwards President, where he remained till 1824. Benjamin Franklin Butler, his elder brother, afterwards Attorney-General in Jackson's cabinet, was also a member of the law firm. Mr. Butler, on entering a legal career, selected Geneva, on Seneca Lake, as his home, and contributed largely to the agricultural prosperity of the region by helping the distressed farmers to obtain relief, as loan agent of the New York Life-Insurance Company and private capitalists like John Jacob Astor. In 1833 Mr. Butler took a westward journey, which interested him in Chicago, then a hamlet of three hundred people clustered around Fort Dearborn and Kinzie's trading-post. He invested largely in real estate there, and soon afterwards induced his brother-in-law, William B. Ogden, who was to become the first Mayor in 1837, to do the same, and take up residence in what Mr. Butler with sure prescience declared would become the foremost of American inland cities.

In 1835 he removed to New York city, and began what was destined to become a most lucrative legal practice. His eye ever fixed, however, on Chicago, he continued to invest extensively in and about that city, and in the railway enterprises which had their focus in that place. Mr. Butler as a lawyer was not so widely known in the courts as many, but his character and sagacity were so widely recognized as an adviser and trustee of large interests that his professional income rose to be among the greatest. From the outset he was active in philanthropical enterprises. In 1835 he was one of the founders of the Half-Orphan Asylum and of the Union Theological Seminary, and the next year was named one of the Council of the New York University, of which for a number of years he also served as president. In 1889 he endowed the Edward Robinson chair of Biblical Theology at the Union Theological Seminary with $100,000, and at the same time gave an equal sum to the university *in memoriam* of his son, Abraham Ogden Butler, and his elder brother, B. F. Butler, who had founded the law school of the college. These gifts had been preceded by other lavish settlements on the same institutions. He received the degree of LL.D. from the Wabash University of Indiana in 1858, and afterwards from the New York University; was one of the founders of the Union League Club, a member of the Century, of the Sons of the Revolution, New England Society, American Fine Arts Society, Metropolitan Museum, and American Museum of Natural History. His last public appearance as a lawyer was in defence of Rev. Dr. Charles Briggs, at his ecclesiastical trial. Mr. Butler was an ardent lover of literature and the arts, and possessed the most varied scholarly acquirements. Among his foreign literary intimates had been Carlyle and Matthew Arnold, and in this country he was associated in friendship with its most distinguished men.



NANCY ALLISON McKINLEY.

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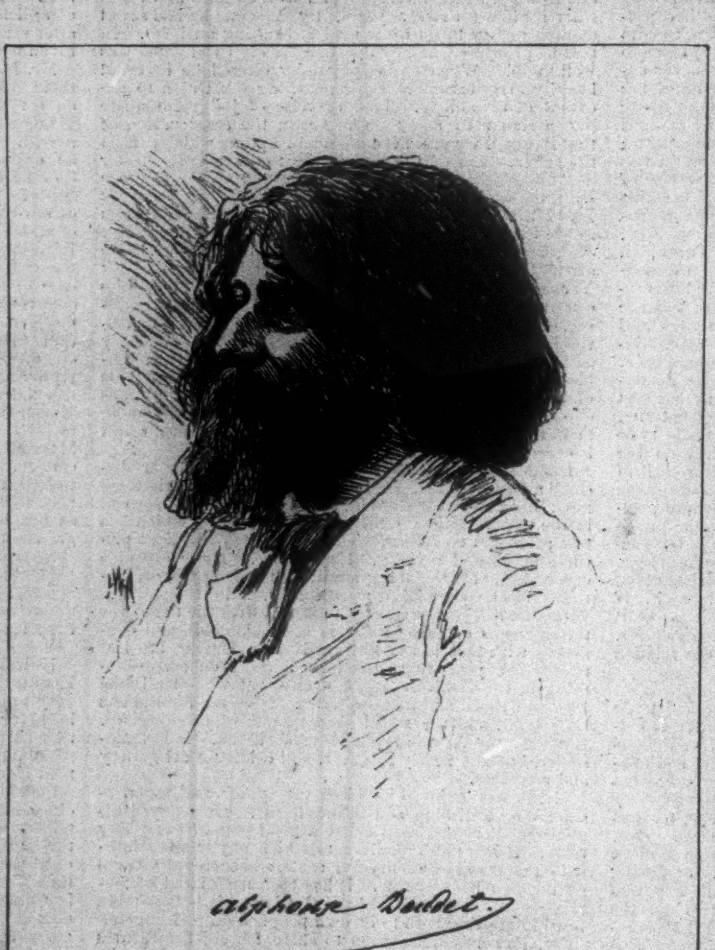
## MRS. NANCY ALLISON McKINLEY.

THE country is called on to condole with the President on the death of his aged mother, at the ripe term of eighty-eight years. The affection between mother and son in this case seems to have surpassed even the ordinary love which goes to this relation. Madam McKinley, as she has been designated by her friends since the elevation of her son to his high station, watched the gradual but steady rise of her son to distinction with peculiar pride; and the son has been accustomed to associate his progress in political life with a high degree of deference and devotion to the surviving parent, in whose early training and discipline he discovered the roots of his own success. She had been in somewhat feeble health for several months at her own home in Canton, Ohio, where she resided with her daughter, Miss Helen McKinley. There was nothing, however, serious in her condition till December 2, when she was stricken with a paralysis, which carried her to her end in the early morning of December 12. The President was at her bedside at the time of her decease, having hastened from Washington on a timely warning.

The senior McKinleys were among the pioneers of Ohio, and associated in an interesting way with its early history. Her maiden name was Nancy Campbell Allison, the family having originally been among the emigrants from England to Virginia. Mrs. McKinley's branch proceeded in the latter part of the last century from Virginia to Pennsylvania. Here Ann Campbell, her mother, married Abner Allison, a resident of Greene County, and Nancy Campbell Allison was born April 2, 1809. The Allison family had, however, previously emigrated on pack-mules, carrying themselves and their household goods, to New Lisbon, Ohio. Here, at the age of eighteen, Nancy Allison married William McKinley, an iron manufacturer, of which marriage came the President. The McKinleys moved to Fairfield, to Niles, and then to Poland, in which place the President was born, the seventh in a family of nine children, of whom, besides himself, only three survive—Miss Helen Minerva McKinley, of Canton, Ohio; Mrs. A. J. Duncan, of Cleveland; and Abner McKinley, of New York. William McKinley, Sr., died November 24, 1892, at the age of eighty-five years.

For many years the President's mother resided at Canton, and it is said that Mr. McKinley, when at home, never failed to visit her once or twice a day. During his Presidential canvass this attention, in spite of the demands on every minute of his time, was especially marked, and the first thought of the successful candidate on getting the good news was to hasten to his mother's home and acquaint her with the joyful news of election. She visited Washington and was present at the inauguration, but speedily returned to the family homestead. Mrs. McKinley was a woman of great firmness and symmetry of character, such as usually appertains to those of whom distinguished men are born. The funeral occurred at Canton on December 14, and was attended by several members of the cabinet and their families.



ALPHONSE DAUDET.—PENCIL DRAWING BY J. W. ALEXANDER.

Copyright, 1897, by F. D. Millet. By permission of Curtis & Cameron, Publishers, Boston.

THESMOPHORIA.—MURAL DECORATION, BY F. D. MILLET, FOR THE BANK OF AGRICULTURE, PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—[SEE PAGE 1294.]

# THE EXORCISM THAT FAILED.

## FROM ADVANCE SHEETS OF "GHOSTS I HAVE MET," WITH A POSTSCRIPT IN WHICH OUR TITLE IS RENDERED VOID.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

### PART II.

### III.—THE SPIRIT TRIES TO MAKE REPARATION.

THREE weeks later he turned up once more.

"Great heavens!" I cried; "you back again?"

"Yes," he answered; "and I've come to tell you I'm mighty sorry about those ruined MSS. of yours. It is too bad that your whole day's work had to go for nothing."

"I think so myself," I retorted, coldly. "It's rather late in the day for you to be sorry, though. If you'll show your sincerity by going away and never crossing my path again, I may believe in you."

"Ah!" he said. "I've shown it in another way. Indeed I have. You know I have some conscience, though, to tell the truth, I haven't made much use of it. This time, however, as I considered the situation, a little voice rose up within me and said: 'It's all right, old chap, to be rough on this person; make him mad and shove him every which way; but don't destroy his work. His work is what he lives by—'"

"Yes," I interrupted, "and after what I told you on the steamer about what I would do to you when we got on even terms, you are not anxious to have me die. I know just how you feel. No thing likes to contemplate that paralysis that will surely fall upon you when my ghost begins to get in its fine work. I'm putting it in training now."

"You poor droll mortal!" laughed the cockney. "You poor droll mortal! As if I could ever be afraid of that! What is the matter with my going into training myself? Two can train, you know—even three. You almost make me feel sorry I tried to remedy the loss of those MSS."

Somehow or other a sense of some new misfortune came upon me.

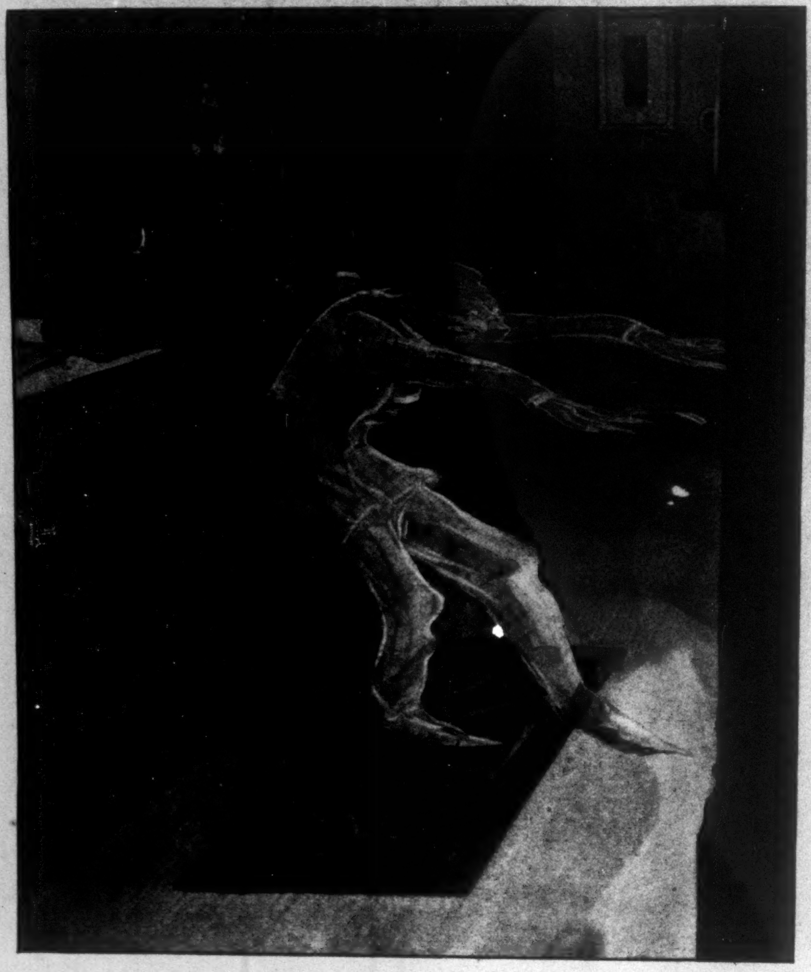
"What?" I said, nervously.

"I say I'm almost sorry I tried to remedy the loss of those manuscripts. Composition, particularly poetry, is devilish hard for me—I admit it—and when I think of how I toiled over my substitutes for your ruined stuff, and see how very ungrateful you are, I grudge the effort."

"I don't understand you," I said, anxiously. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that I have written and sent out to the editors of the papers you write for a half a dozen poems and short stories."

"What has all that got to do with me?" I demanded.



"SUCH GROTESQUE ATTITUDES AS HIS FIGURE ASSUMED I NEVER SAW."

"A great deal," he said. "You'll get the pay. *I signed your name to 'em.*"

"Y—you—you—you—did what?" I cried.

"Signed your name to 'em. There was a sonnet to 'A Coal Grab'—that was the longest of the lot. I think it will cover at least six magazine pages—"

"But," I cried, "a sonnet never contains more than fourteen lines—you—fool!"

"Oh yes, it does," he replied, calmly. "This one of yours had over four hundred. And then I wrote a three-page quatrain on 'Immortality,' which, if I do say it, is the funniest thing I ever read. I sent that to the *Weekly Methodist*."

"Good Lord, good Lord, good Lord!" I moaned. "A three-page quatrain!"

"Yes," he observed, calmly lighting one of his accursed cigars. "And you'll get all the credit."

A ray of hope entered my soul, and it enabled me to laugh hysterically. "They'll know it isn't mine," said I. "They know my handwriting at the office of the *Weekly Methodist*."

"No doubt," said he, dashing all my hopes to the ground. "But—ah—to remedy that drawback I took pains to find out what type-writer you used, and I had my quatrain copied on one of the same make."

"But the letter—the note with the manuscript?" I put in.

"Oh, I got over that very easily," he said. "I had that written also on the machine, on this paper, and traced your signature at the bottom. It will be all right, my dear fellow. They'll never suspect."

And then, looking at the spirit-watch which he carried in his spectral fob-pocket, he vanished, leaving me immersed in the deepest misery of my life. Not content with ruining me socially and as a lecturer; not satisfied with destroying me mentally on the seas, he had now attacked me on my most vulnerable point, my literary aspirations. I could not rest until I had read his "three-page quatrain" on "Immortality." Vulgar as I knew him to be, I felt confident that over my name something had gone out which even in my least self-respecting moods I could not tolerate. The only comfort that came to me was that his verses and his type-writing and his tracings of my autograph would be as spectral to others as to the eye not attuned to the seeing of ghosts. I was soon to be undeceived, however, for the next morning's mail brought to my home a dozen packages from my best "consumers," containing the maudlin frivolings of this—this—this—well, there is no polite word to describe him in any known tongue. I shall have to study the Aryan language—or Kipling—to find an epithet strong enough to apply to this especial case. Every point, every single detail, about these packages was convincing evidence of their contents having been of my own production. The return envelopes were marked at the upper corner with my name and address. The handwriting upon them was manifestly mine, although I never in my life penned those particular superscriptions. Within these envelopes were, I might say, pounds of MSS., apparently from my own type-writing machine, and signed in an autograph which would have deceived even myself.

And the stuff!

Stuff is not the word—in fact, there is no word in any language, however primitive and impolite, that will describe accurately the substance of those pages. And with each came a letter from the editor of the periodical to which the tale or poem had been sent *advising me to stop work for a while*, and one *suggested the Keeley cure!*

Immediately I sat down and wrote to the various editors to whom these productions had been submitted, explaining all—and every one of them came back to me unopened, with the average statement that until I had rested a year they really hadn't the time to read what I wrote; and my best friend among them, the editor of the *Weekly Methodist*, took the trouble to telegraph to my brother the recommendation that I should be looked after. And out of the mistaken kindness of his heart, he printed a personal in his next issue to the effect that his "valued contributor, Mr. Me, the public would regret to hear, was confined to his house by a sudden and severe attack of nervous prostration," following it up with an estimate of my career, which bore every mark of having been saved up to that time for use as an obituary.

And as I read the latter—the obituary—over, with tears in my eyes, what should I hear but the words, spoken at my back, clearly, but in unmistakable cockney accents,

"Shove the fifth!" followed by uproarious laughter. I grabbed up the ink-bottle and threw it with all my strength back of me, and succeeded only in destroying the wall-paper.

### IV.—THE FAILURE.

The destruction of the wall-paper, not to mention the wiping out in a moment of my means of livelihood, made of the fifth shove an intolerable nuisance. Controlling myself with difficulty, I put on my hat and rushed to the telegraph office, whence I despatched a message, marked "Rush," to Peters.

"For Heaven's sake, complete your exorcism and bring it here at once," I wired him. "Answer collect."

Peters by no means soothed my agitation by his immediate and extremely flippant response.

"I don't know why you wish me to answer collect, but I suppose you do. So I answer as you request: Collect. What is it you are going to collect? Your scattered faculties?" he telegraphed. It was a mean sort of a telegram to send to a man in my unhappy state, and if he hadn't prepaid it I should never have forgiven him. I was mad enough when I received it, and a hot retort was about to go back, when the bothersome spook turned up and drew my mind off to other things.

"Well, what do you think of me?" he said, ensconcing himself calmly on my divan. "Pretty successful shover myself, eh?" Then he turned his eye to the ink-spots on the wall. "Novel design in decoration, that. You ought to get employment in some wall-paper house. Given an accurate aim and plenty of ink, you can't be beaten for vigorous spatter-work."

I pretended to ignore his presence, and there was a short pause, after which he began again:

"Sulky, eh? Oh, well, I don't blame you. There's nothing in this world that can so harrow up one's soul as impotent wrath. I've heard of people bursting with it. I've had experiences in the art of irritation before this case. There was a fellow once hired my cab for an hour. Drove him all about London, and then he stopped in at a chop-house, leaving me outside. I waited and waited and waited, but he never came back. Left by the back door, you know. Clever trick, and for a while the laugh was on me; but when I got to the point where I could haunt him I did it to the Regent's taste. I found him three years after my demise, and through the balance of his life pursued him everywhere with a phantom cab. If he went to church, I'd drive my spectre rig right down the middle aisle after him. If he called on a girl, there was the cab drawn up alongside of him in the parlor all the time, the horse stamping his foot and whinnying like all possessed. Of course no one else saw me or the horse or the cab, but he did; and, Lord! how mad he was and how hopeless! Finally, in a sudden surge of wrath at his impotence, he burst, just like a soap-bubble. It was most amusing. Even the horse laughed."

"Thanks for the story," said I, wishing to anger him by my nonchalance. "I'll write it up."

"Do," he said. "It will make a clever sixth shove for me. People say your fancies are too wild and extravagant even now. A story like that will finish you at once."

"Again, thanks," said I, very calmly. "This time for the hint. Acting on your advice, I won't write it up."

"Don't," he retorted. "And be forever haunted with the idea. Either way it suits me."

And he vanished once more.

The next morning Peters arrived at my house.

"I've come," he said, as he entered my den. "The scheme is perfected at last, and possibly you can use it. You need help of some kind. I can see that just by reading your telegram. You're nervous as a cat. How do you heat your house?"

"What's that got to do with it?" I demanded, irritably. "You can't evaporate the little cuss."

"Don't want to," Peters replied. "That's been tried before, and it doesn't work. My scheme is a better one than that. Did you ever notice, while smoking in a house that is heated by a hot-air furnace, how, when a cloud of smoke gets caught in the current of air from the register, it is mauled and twisted until it gets free, or else is torn entirely apart?"

"Yes, I have," said I. "What of it?"

"Well, what's the matter with being genial with your old cockney until he gets in the habit of coming here every night, and bide your time until, without his knowing it, you can turn a blast from the furnace on him that will simply rend him to pieces?"

"By Jove!" I cried, delightedly. "You are a genius, old chap."

I rose and shook his hand until he remonstrated.

"Save your energy for him," said he. "You'll need it. It won't be a pleasant spectacle to witness when, in his struggles to get away, he is gradually dismembered. It will be something like the drawing and quartering punishment of olden times."

I shuddered as I thought of it, and for a moment was disposed to reject the plan, but my weakness left me as I thought of the ruin that stared me in the face.

"Oh, I don't know," I said, shaking my head. "It will have its pleasurable side, however fearsome it may prove as a sight. This house is just fitted for the operation, particularly on warm days. I have seen times when the blasts of hot air from my furnace have blown one of my poems off my table across the room."

"Great Scott!" cried Peters. "What a cyclone of an air-box you must have!"

Fortunately the winter season was on, and we were able to test the capacity of the furnace, with gratifying results. A soap-bubble was blown, and allowed to float downward until the current was reached, and the novel shapes it took, as it was blown about the room in its struggles to escape before it burst, were truly wonderful. I doubted not for an instant, from what I then saw, that the little cad of a spectre that was ruining my life would soon meet his Nemesis. So convinced was I of the ultimate success of the plan that I could hardly wait patiently for his coming. I became morbidly anxious for the horrid spectacle which I should witness as his body was torn apart and gradually annihilated by the relentless output of my furnace flues. To my great annoyance, it was two weeks before he turned up again, and I was beginning to fear that he had in some wise got wind of my intentions, and was turning my disappointment over his absence into the sixth of his series of "shoves." Finally, however, my anxiety was set at rest by his appearance on a night especially adapted to a successful issue of the conspiracy. It was blowing great guns from the west, and the blasts of air, intermittent in their force, that came up through the flues were such that under other circumstances they would have annoyed me tremendously. Almost everything in the line of the current that issued from the register and passed diagonally across the room to my fireplace, and so on up the chimney, was disturbed. The effect upon particles of paper and the fringes on my chairs was almost that of a pneumatic tube on substances placed within it, and on one or two occasions I was seriously apprehensive of the manner in which the flames on the hearth leaped upward into the sooty heights of my chimney flues.

But when, as happened shortly, I suddenly became conscious that my spectre cockney had materialized, all my fears for the safety of my house fled, and I surreptitiously turned off the heat, so that once he got within range of the register I could turn it on again, and his annihilation would be as instantaneous as what my newspaper friends call an electrocution. And that was precisely where I made my mistake, although I must confess that what ensued when I had got the nauseating creature within range was most delightful.

"Didn't expect me back, eh?" he said, as he materialized in my library. "Missed me, I suppose, eh?"

"I've missed you like the deuce!" I replied, cordially, holding out my hand as if welcoming him back, whereat he frowned suspiciously. "Now that I'm reconciled to your system, and know that there is no possible escape for me, I don't seem to feel so badly. How have you been, and what have you been doing?"

"Bah!" he retorted. "What's up now? You know mighty well you don't like me any better than you ever did. What funny little game are you trying to work on me now, eh?"

"Really, 'Arry," I replied, "you wrong me—and, by-the-way, excuse me for calling you 'Arry. It is the most appropriate name I can think of at the moment."

"Call me what you blooming please," he answered. "But remember you can't soft-soap me into believing you like me. B-r-r-r-r!" he added, shivering. "It's beastly cold in here. What you been doing—storing ice?"

"Well—there's a fire burning over there in the fireplace," said I, anxious to get him before the open chimney-place; for, by a natural law, that was directly in the line of the current.

He looked at me suspiciously, and then at the fireplace with equal mistrust; then he shrugged his shoulders with a mocking laugh that jarred.

"Humph!" he said. "What's your scheme? Got some patent explosive logs, full of chemicals, to destroy me?"

I laughed. "How suspicious you are!" I said.

"Yes—I always am of suspicious characters," he replied, planting himself immediately in front of the register, desirous no doubt of acting directly contrary to my suggestions.

My opportunity had come more easily than I expected.

"There isn't any heat here," said he.

"It's turned off. I'll turn it on for you," said I, scarcely able to contain myself with excitement—and I did.

Well, as I say, the spectacle was pleasing, but it did not work as I had intended. He was caught in the full current, not in any of the destroying eddyings of the side upon which I had counted to twist his legs off and wring his neck. Like the soap-bubble, it is true, he was blown into various odd fantastic shapes, such as crullers resolve themselves into when not properly looked after, but there was no dismembering of his body. He struggled hard to free himself, and such grotesque attitudes as his figure assumed I never saw even in one of Aubrey Beardsley's finest pictures; and once, as his leg and right arm verged on the edge of one of the outside eddies, I hoped to see these members elongated like a piece of elastic until they snapped off; but, with a superhuman struggle, he got them free, with the loss only of one of his fingers, by which time the current had blown him across the room and directly in front of my fender. To keep from going up the chimney, he tried to brace himself against this with his feet, but missing the rail, as helpless as a feather, he floated, toes first, into the fireplace, and thence, kicking, struggling, and swearing profanely, disappeared into the flue.

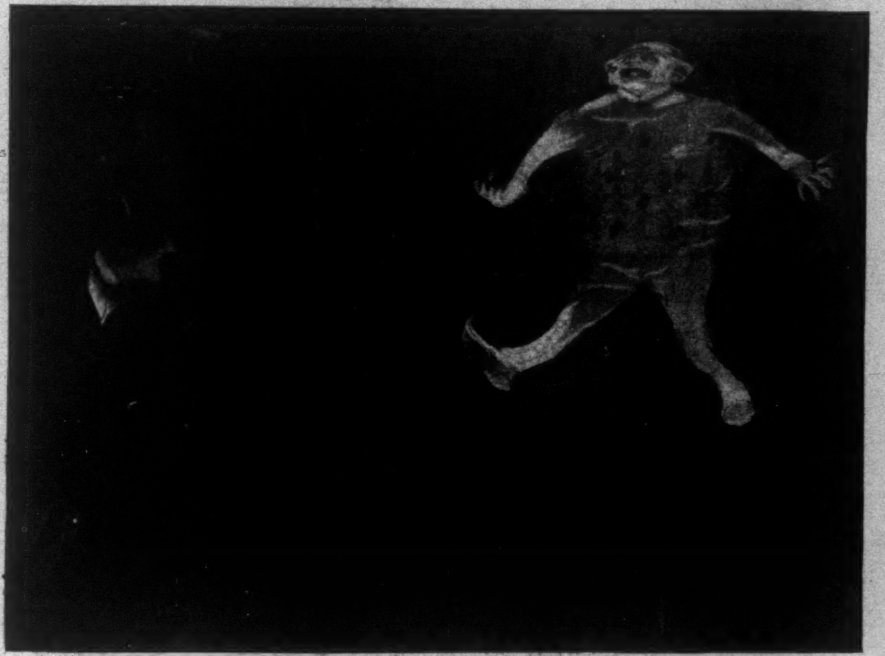
It was too exciting a moment for me to laugh over my triumph, but shortly there came a nervous reaction which made me hysterical as I thought of his odd appearance; and then following close upon this came the dashing of my hopes.

An infernal misplaced, uncalled-for back gust, a diversion in which, thanks to an improper construction, my chimney frequently indulges, blew the unhappy creature back into the room again, strained, sprained, panting, minus the finger he had lost, and so angry that he quivered all over.

What his first words were I shall not repeat. They fairly seethed out of his turned and twisted soul, hissing like the escape-valve of an ocean steamer, and his eyes, as they fell upon mine, actually burnt me.

"This settles it," he hissed, venomously. "I had intended letting you off with one more shove, but now, after your dastardly attempt to rend me apart with your damned hot-air furnace, I shall haunt you to your dying day; I shall haunt you so terribly that years before your final exit from this world you will pray for death. As a shover you have found me equal to everything, but since you prefer twisting, twisting be it. You shall hear from me again!"

He vanished, and, I must confess it, I threw myself upon my couch, weeping hot tears of despair.



"PINNED HIM TO THE WALL LIKE A BUTTERFLY ON A CORK."

Peters's scheme had failed, and I was in a far worse position than ever. Shoving I can stand, but the brief exhibition of twisting that I had had in watching his struggles with that awful cyclonic blast from below convinced me that there was something in life even more to be dreaded than the shoving he and I had been indulging in.

But there was a postscript, and now all is well again, because—but let us reserve the wherefore of the postscript for another, concluding chapter.

### V.—POSTSCRIPT.

So hopeless was my estate now become that, dreading more than ever that which the inscrutable future held for me, I sat down and framed an advertisement, which I contemplated putting in all the newspapers, weeklies, and monthly periodicals, offering a handsome reward for any suggestion which would result in ridding me of the cockney ghost. The inventive mind of man has been able to cope successfully with rats and mice and other household pests. Why, then, should there not be somewhere in the world a person of sufficient ingenuity to cope with an obnoxious spirit? If rat-dynamite and rough on June-bugs were possible, why was it not likely that some as yet unknown person had turned his attention to spectrology, and evolved something in the nature of rough on ghosts, spectre-melinite, or something else of an effective nature, I asked myself. It seemed reasonable to suppose that out of the millions of people in the world there were others than Peters and myself who had made a study of ghosts and methods of exorcising them, and if these persons could only be reached I might yet escape. Accordingly, I penned the advertisement about as follows:

> WANTED, by a young and rising author, who is pursued by a vindictive spirit,
>
> A GHOST CURE.
>
> A liberal reward will be paid to any wizard, recognized or unrecognized, who will, before February 1, 1898, send to me a detailed statement of a
>
> GUARANTEED METHOD
>
> of getting rid of
>
> SPOOKS.
>
> It is agreed that these communications shall be regarded as strictly confidential until such a time as through their medium the spirit is effectually
>
> LAID,
>
> after which time the cure will be exploited
>
> FREE OF CHARGE
>
> in the best advertising mediums of the day.

To this I appended an assumed name and a temporary address, and was about to send it out, when my friend Wilkins, a millionaire student of electricity, living in Florida, invited me to spend my Christmas holidays with him on Lake Worth.

"I've got a grand scheme," he wrote, "which I am going to test, and I'd like to have you present at the test. Come down, if you can, and see my new electric sail-boat and all-around dynamic Lone Fisherman."

The idea took hold of me at once. In my nervous state the change of scene would do me good. Besides, Wilkins was a delightful companion.

So, forgetting my woes for the moment, I packed my trunk and started South for Wilkins's Island. It was upon this trip that the vengeful spirit put in his first twist, for at Jacksonville I was awakened in the middle of the night by a person, whom I took to be the conductor, who told me to change cars. This I did, and falling asleep in the car to which I had changed, waked up the next morning to find myself speeding across the peninsula instead of going downward toward the Keys, as I should have done, landing eventually at a small place called Homosassa, on the Gulf coast.

Of course it was not the conductor of the first train who, under cover of the darkness, had led me astray, but the pursuing spirit, as I found out when, bewildered, I sat upon the platform of the station at Homosassa, wondering how the deuce I had got there. He turned up at that moment, and frankly gloated over the success of what he called shove the seventh and twist the first.

"Nice place, this," said he, with a nauseating smirk. "So close to Lake Worth—eh? Only two days' ride on the choo-choo, if you make connections, and when changing take the right trains."

I pretended not to see him, and began to whistle the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," to show how little I cared.

"Good plan, old chap," said he; "but it won't work. I know you are put out, in spite of the tunefulness of your soul. But wait for my second twist. You'll wish you'd struck a cyclone instead when that turn comes."

It was, as he suggested, at least two days before I was able to get to Wilkins at Lake Worth; but after I got there the sense of annoyance and the deep dejection into which I was plunged wore away, as well it might, for the test which I was invited to witness was most interesting. The dynamic Lone Fisherman was wonderful enough, but the electric sail-boat was a marvel. The former was very simple. It consisted of a reel operated by electricity, which, the moment a bluefish struck the skid at the end of the line, reeled the fish in, and flopped it into a basket as easily and as surely as you please; but the principle of the sail-boat was new.

"I don't need a breeze to sail anywhere," said Wilkins, as he hauled up the mainsail, which flapped idly in the still air. "For you see," he added, touching a button alongside the tiller, "this button sets that big electric fan in the stern revolving, and the result is an artificial breeze which distends the sail, and there you are."

It was even as he said. A huge fan with a dozen flanges in the stern began to revolve with wonderful rapidity; in an instant the sails bellied out, and the *Horace J.*, as his boat was named, was speeding through the waters before the breeze thus created in record-breaking fashion.

"By Jove, Billie," I said, "this is a dandy!"

"Yes," said an old familiar voice at my elbow.

I turned as if stung. The spirit was with me again, prepared, I doubted not, for his second twist. I sprang from my seat, a sudden inspiration flashing upon me, jumped back of the revolving fan, and turning the full force of the wind it created upon my vindictive visitant, blew him fairly and squarely into the bulging sail.

"There, blast your cockney eyes!" I cried; "take that."

He tried to retort, but without avail. The winds that emanated from the fan fairly rammed his words back into his throat every time he opened his mouth to speak, and there he lay, fluttering like a leaf, powerless to escape.

"Hot air doesn't affect you much, you transparent jackass!" I roared. "Let me see how a stiff nor'easter suits your style of beauty."

I will not bore the reader with any further details of the Lake Worth experience. Suffice it to say that for five hours I kept the miserable thing a pneumatic prisoner in the concave surface of the sail. Try as he would, he could not escape, and finally when Wilkins and I went ashore for the night, and the cockney ghost was released, he vanished, using unutterable language, and an idea came to me, putting which into operation, I at last secured immunity from his persecutions.

Returning to New York three days later, I leased a small office in a fire-proof power building not far from Madison Square, fitted it up as if for my own use, and had placed in the concealment of a closet at its easterly end the largest electric fan I could get. It was ten feet in diameter, and was provided with sixteen flanges. When it was in motion not a thing could withstand the blast that came from it. Tables, chairs, even a cut-glass inkstand weighing two pounds, were blown with a crash against the solid stone and iron construction back of the plaster of my walls. And then I waited his coming.

Suffice it to say that he came, sat down calmly and unsuspecting in the chair I had had made for his especial benefit, and then the moment he began to revile me I turned on the power, the fan began to revolve, the devastating wind rushed down upon him with a roar, pinned him to the wall like a butterfly on a cork, and he was at last my prisoner—and he is my prisoner still. For three weeks has that wheel been revolving night and day, and despite all his cunning he cannot creep beyond its blustering influence, nor shall he ever creep therefrom whilst I have six hundred dollars per annum to pay for the rent and cost of power necessary to keep the fan going.

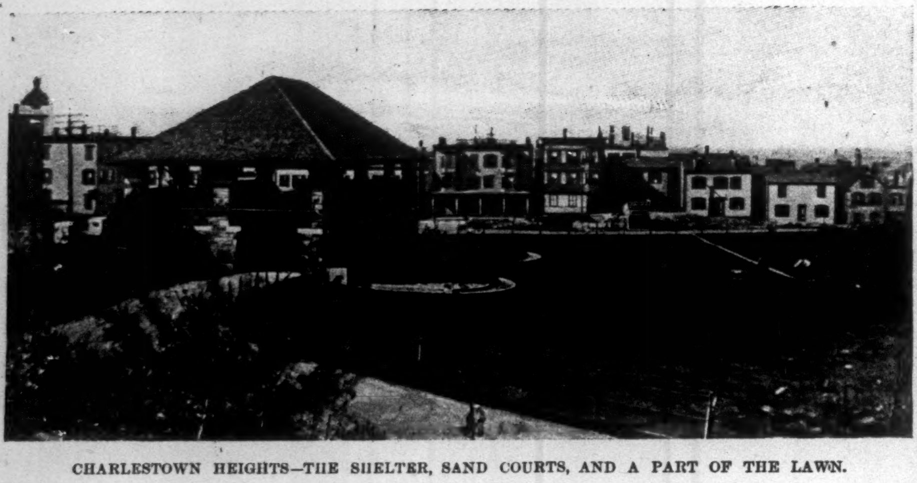
Every once in a while I return and gloat over him; and I can tell by the movement of his lips that he is trying to curse me, but he cannot, for, even as Wilkins's fan blew his words of remonstrance back into his throat, so does my wheel, twice as powerful, keep his torrent of invective from greeting my ear.

I should be happy to prove the truth of all this by showing any curious-minded reader the spectacle which gives me so much joy, but I fear to do so lest the owners of the building, discovering the uses to which their office has been put, shall require me to vacate the premises.

Of course he may ultimately escape, through some failure of the machine to operate, but it is guaranteed to run five years without a break, so for that period at least I am safe, and by that time it may be that he will be satisfied to call things square. I shall be satisfied if he is.

Meanwhile I devote my successful plan to the uses of all who may be troubled as I was, finding in their assumed gratitude a sufficient compensation for my ingenuity.

CAMB
General View showing Lawn, Sand-Court Shelter, Fi

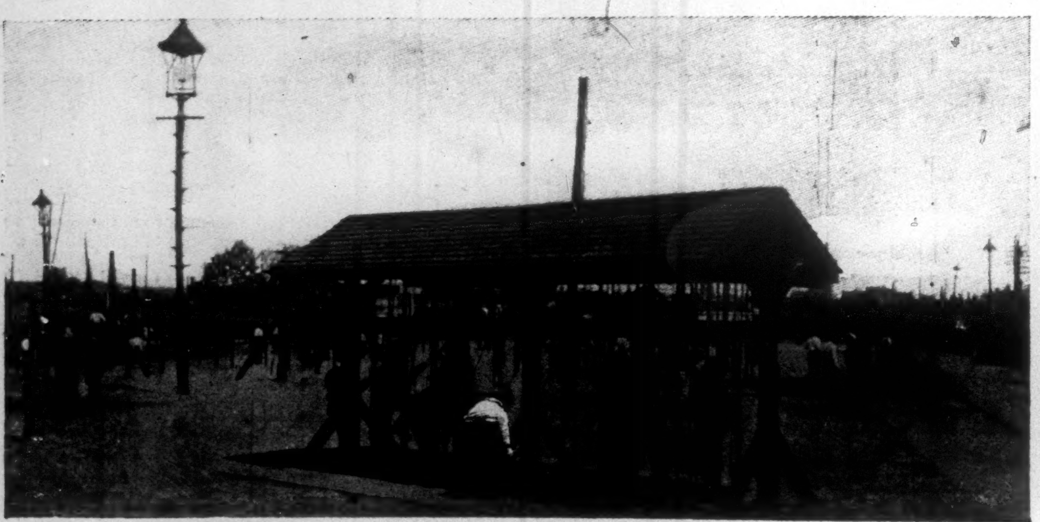


CHARLESTOWN HEIGHTS—THE SHELTER, SAND COURTS, AND A PART OF THE LAWN.

CHARLESBANK—SAND COURTS IN THE WOMEN'S GYMNASIUM.

CHARLESTOWN HEIGHTS—ROCKY SLOPE, PATH AND STEPS, BEFORE THE GROWTH OF SHRUBS AND CREEPERS.

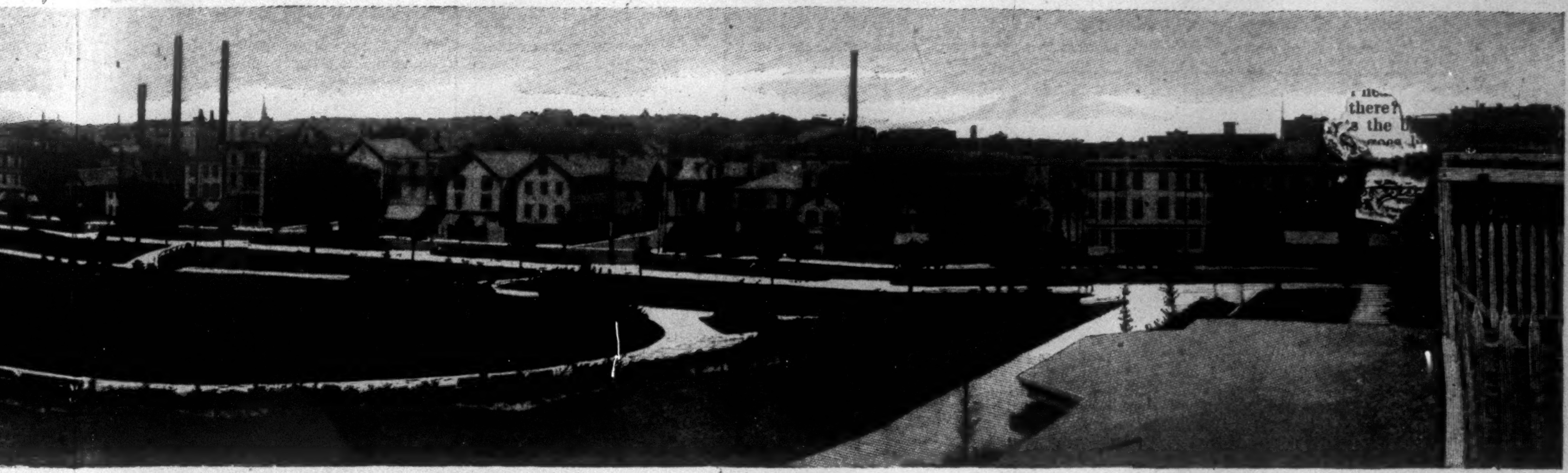
CHARLESBANK—WOMEN'S GYMNASIUM—CHILDREN PLAYING KINDER-GARTEN GAMES UPON GRASSY PLAY-GROUND.



CHARLESBANK—SHELTER FOR CHEST WEIGHT MACHINES.

CHARLESBANK—

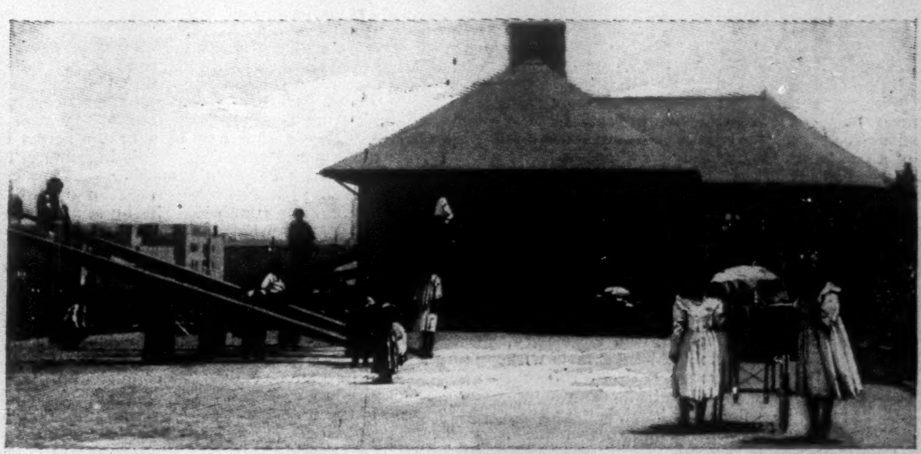
## NEIGHBORHOOD PLEASURE-GRO



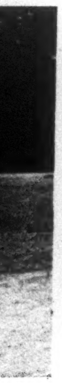
CAMBRIDGE FIELD.
elter, Field-House, and the Northern End of Gravelled Play-Fields.

M.

CHARLESBANK—SHADED BORDER WALK ALONG WESTERN SIDE OF CHARLES STREET.



CAMBRIDGE FIELD—SEESAWS AND FIELD-HOUSE.



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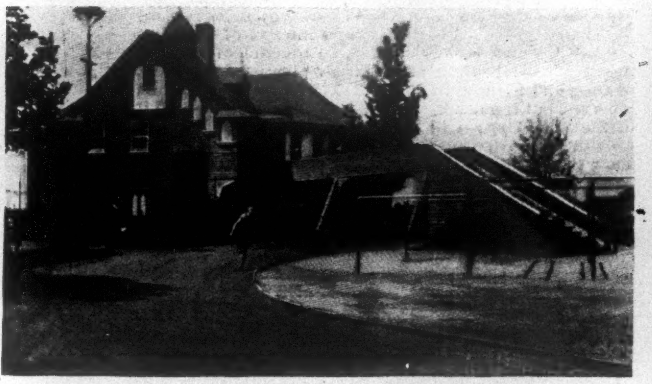
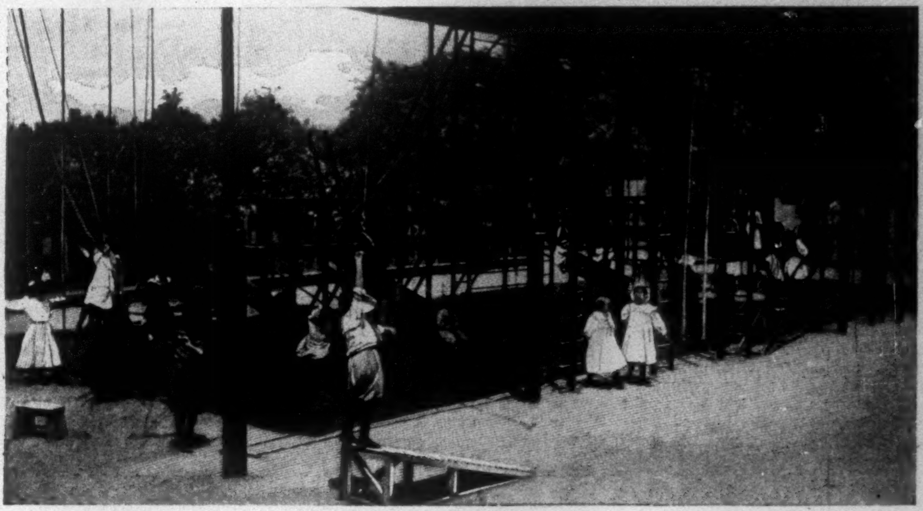
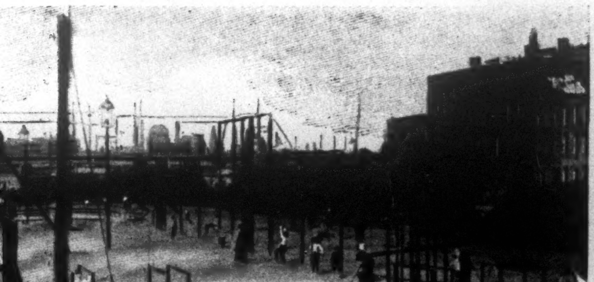


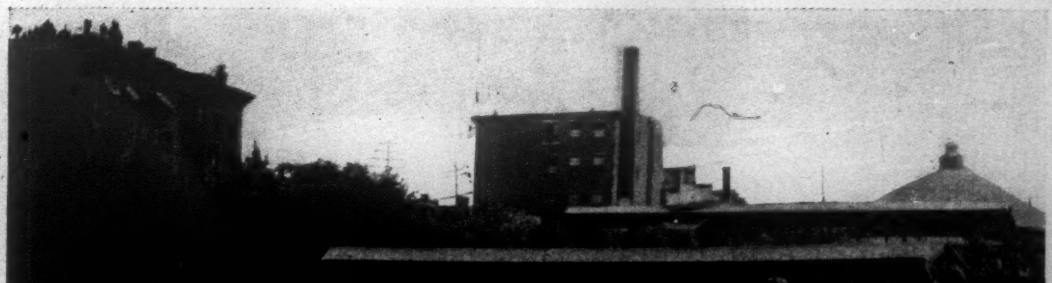
CHARLESBANK—BRIDGE OVER THE RUNNING-TRACK.



CHARLESBANK—APPARATUS UNDER AWNING IN WOMEN'S GYMNASIUM.

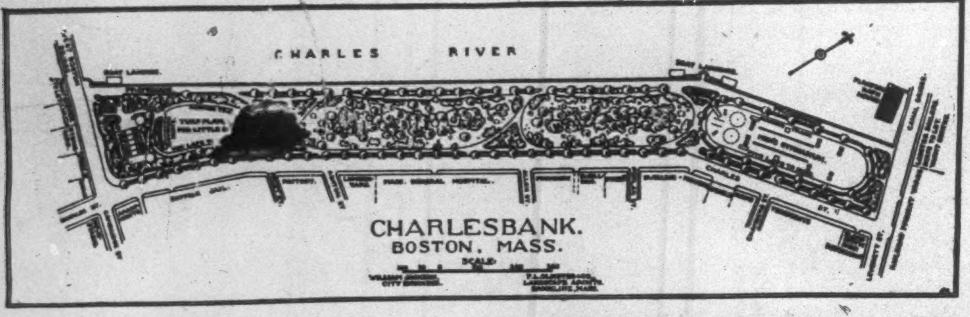


BANK—MEN'S GYMNASIUM.



CHARLESBANK—WOMEN'S GYMNASIUM—COVERED SEAT FOR MOTHERS AT THE END OF PLAY-GROUND.

GROUNDS IN BOSTON.—[See Page 1290.]


CHARLES RIVER
SCALE
WILLIAM JACKSON, CITY ENGINEER.
F.L. OLMSTED & CO., LANDSCAPE ARCHTS., BROOKLINE, MASS.

CHARLESBANK.
BOSTON, MASS.

# NEIGHBORHOOD PLEASURE-GROUNDS IN BOSTON.

It is now twenty years since the first land purchases of the Boston Park Commission were made. During those twenty years in the development of the Boston park system there have been created several examples of a most valuable sort of recreation place—the neighborhood pleasure-ground. Despite New York's forty years of park-building, she is still lamentably deficient in such recreation places; but this lack has been felt by intelligent citizens for some time, and a movement for more neighborhood pleasure-grounds has made such headway that we may confidently expect to see New York occupy, in a few years, the position which she should in this respect.

Since they are designed to meet the numerous interests of the neighboring community rather than to fulfil in the highest measure any single want of the whole city, the plan of such grounds is controlled by conditions more complicated, if less subtle, than those affecting the design of large rural parks. It must often provide for the active out-door recreations which are almost essential to the vigor of a community, as well as for those little-understood influences upon its mental and physical health offered by beauty in general, and especially by that beauty of vegetation most in contrast with the work-a-day surroundings of city life. To provide for this passive recreation, which comes best from the enjoyment of beautiful scenery, is the one controlling object of a great park; nowhere else in a city can this end be well attained, and the enormous cost, direct and indirect, of a great block of land withdrawn from private occupancy can be justified upon no other ground. Consequently, in a large park, provision for any form of recreation which conflicts with the enjoyment of rural landscape, whether it be a museum building or a speedway, is in principle bad. The neighborhood pleasure-ground, on the other hand, is the proper place to provide for various forms of active recreation, and it is the part of the designer of such grounds so to arrange the plan that the various provisions do not interfere needlessly with one another's value, and that there may be derived from the whole as much æsthetic enjoyment as is consistent with meeting the practical requirements.

The first ground of this class laid out by the Boston Park Commission was Charlesbank. It is a narrow strip lying between the busy trafficway of Charles Street and the Charles River, and extending about half a mile in length. Back of Charles Street lives a poor population with a large foreign element, while a glance at the plan will indicate the occupation of the immediately adjoining land. The taking was part of a project, set forth in 1876, for the formation of a walled embankment along the river from this point up to Cottage Farms, a distance of about three miles; but owing to the selfish opposition of the influential householders on Beacon Street, the project has not yet been carried into execution. There was local opposition from real-estate owners to the formation of the present Charlesbank, but they had not the influence commanded by the Beacon Street people, and therefore their protests were of no avail.

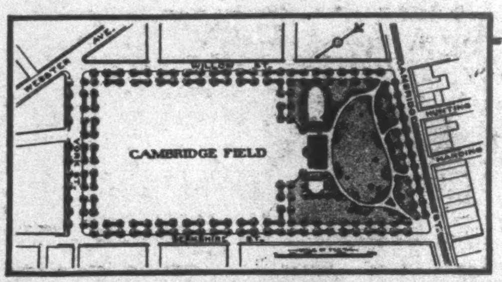
Along the river-front, as will be seen upon the plan, runs a broad promenade looking across the open water to the Cambridge shore, part of which is in the hands of the Cambridge Park Commission, but as yet only partially improved. Behind the promenade is a belt of verdure, with a few paths. Numerous benches are provided, and trees which are still rather young for shade. The grading is arranged to interpose a mound against the street noises, and the planting on the side toward the street is made tall and dense. The western sidewalk of Charles Street was moved ten feet in from the curb, and the space thus left was filled with dense-foliaged bushes. In this way the continuity of the sidewalk is practically uninterrupted so far as mere wayfarers are concerned, while it has become, at the same time, a pleasant shaded promenade, wonderfully retired from the bustle of the street. The result of this treatment is shown very well in the illustrations, and offers a strong argument for its more frequent employment in our small parks.

At either end of the ground is an open-air gymnasium, one for men and one for women. These were the first open-air gymnasia of any consequence in this country, and were, in fact, more carefully planned and thoroughly carried out than the European gymnasia which suggested them. The men's gymnasium occupies the space inside a five-lap running-track. It is surrounded by an iron picket fence, with entrance only by a bridge across the track from the second story of the men's building. The superintendent, in his office in this building, thus has control over the men and boys using the ground, and the track is kept clear for running. The building is fitted with lockers and shower-baths similar to those of an ordinary well-appointed gymnasium, together with a public toilet-room, tool-room, police quarters, etc. On the gymnasium-ground is the ordinary apparatus of a well-equipped gymnasium, such as parallel bars, horizontal bars, vaulting bars, swinging rings, trapezes, ladders, pulley weights, etc., with spaces for the long and high jumps, putting the shot, throwing the weight, throwing quoits, etc. The superintendent is a competent instructor in physical training, and does his best to secure regularity and system in the exercising of those who use the apparatus. The photographs, unfortunately, show the gymnasium at an hour when it was deserted save by a few young boys. The surface of the gymnasium is made of hard gravel, as no turf could withstand the wear to which it would be subjected here. It is flooded in the winter-time for skating. Near the men's building is a boat-landing, of the park boat service, where row-boats can be hired at a reasonable charge. It is to be hoped that with the steady development of the use of the Charles River for pleasure purposes now going on, a line of cheap passenger-boats will soon take its start from this landing.

The women's gymnasium contains a smaller amount of apparatus, and no provision for the violent exercise of jumping, shot-putting, etc. The track, which is wanted simply as an exercising-place, and not to develop high speed, is shorter and of slightly irregular shape, to fit into the desired outline of the shrubbery. As the apparatus is all placed by itself at a different point, the space within the track is made into a lawn, where little children may frolic and play, while their mothers look on from a raised seat under the shelter of a simple shingled hood. Near by are sand courts, which give the children unending pleasure. The women's building controls the entrance to these grounds, and serves the same purposes as the men's building at the other end; but while the men's gymnasium has only an open fence about it, so that outsiders may watch the games and contests within, the women's is surrounded by a dense screening plantation. The management of the women's gymnasium has been from the beginning in the hands of the Massachusetts Emergency and Hygiene Association, by which it has been conducted with great wisdom and success.

The value to the community of such a place as Charlesbank need not be enlarged upon here, but a study of the illustrations will be suggestive to thoughtful people.

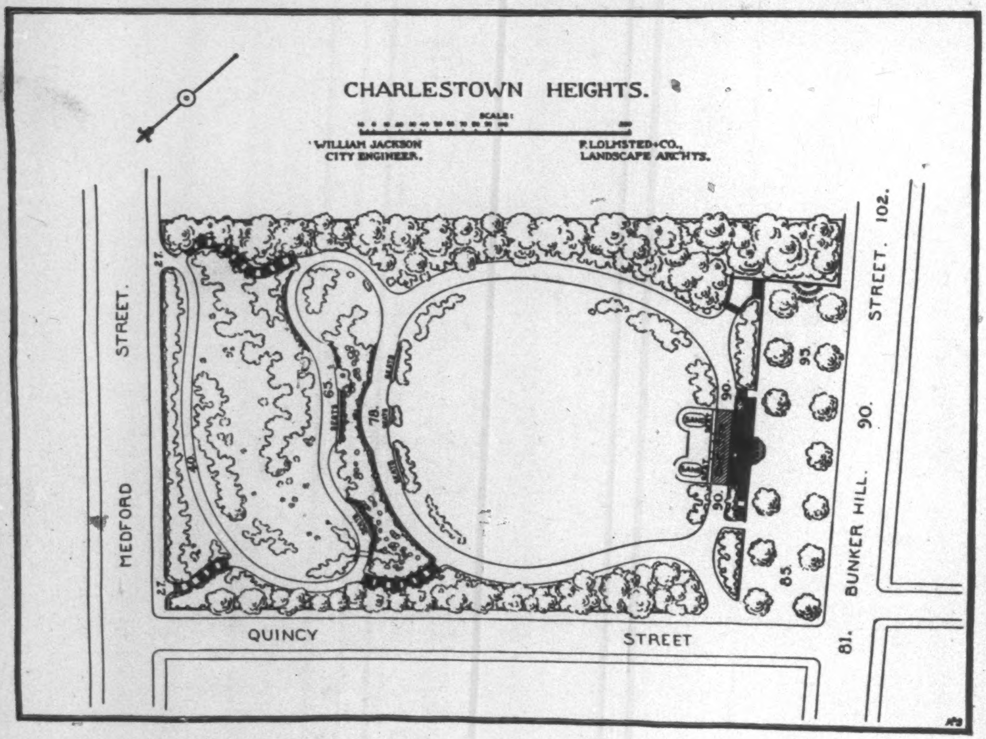
Another of these neighborhood pleasure-grounds, of quite a different type, is Charlestown Heights. It is situated on the northern slope of Bunker Hill—the real Bunker Hill, not the spurious one where the battle took place and the monument was built. It reaches from near the crest of the hill to its foot, a distance of about five hundred and fifty feet, dropping down a declivity of about sixty feet. As the feature of Charlesbank was the bordering Charles River, the feature of Charlestown Heights is a grand sweeping view over the marshes of the Mystic, as yet almost untouched, except upon the hither bank, by the growth of the city, to the distant suburbs of Malden and Everett, with the permanently forested hills of the Middlesex Fells in the distance beyond. The design in this case, as in the other, takes the peculiar advantage of the location as its controlling motive throughout, and attempts to make the most of it. At the high end of the ground upon the street is a small gravelled plaza, which serves for the games that ordinarily have to go on in the street, and which will serve admirably for a concert grove when the trees get large enough. At the edge of the little plaza the ground drops to a lower level. The upper floor of the house shown on the plan is open but for the posts which support the roof, and stands at a level overlooking the plaza, as well as the lower ground to the north and the broad view beyond. Immediately in front of the building are sand courts for little children, and the basement is recessed to provide a sheltered walk with seats for the mothers. The basement contains also the toilet-rooms, refreshment-stand, etc. Before the sand courts a lawn slopes down to a rough bowlder parapet and terrace wall overgrown with creepers and other plants, and commanding the same view, with a different foreground. Below this terrace the hill is very steep, and is, in the main, a series of rocky slopes with a rich plant growth, through which a winding path and steps lead down to the street below. The main feature of this ground—the view—it was impossible to show adequately in a picture, but the illustrations give some idea of the detailed treatment.

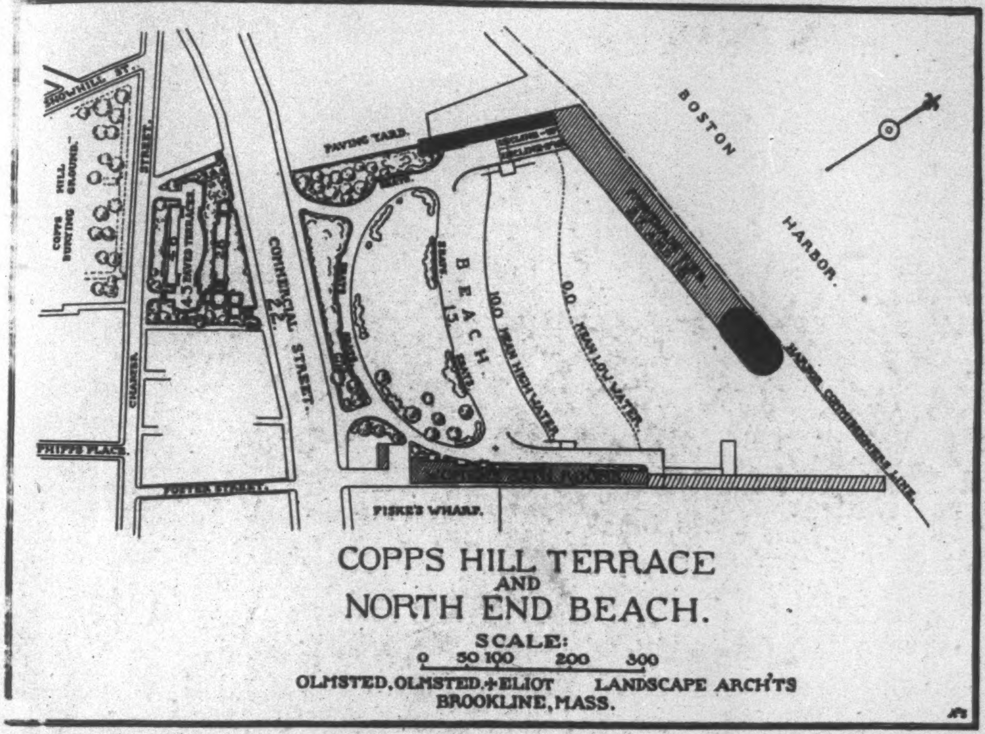


Copps Hill Terrace, with the adjoining North End Beach, has some resemblance to Charlestown Heights in that it occupies a steep hill-side, and by its control of the water-front has a distant view. The view in this case is over part of the harbor to the Charlestown Navy-yard and East Boston, with the life and interest of the shipping. The area is very limited, on account of its high cost, for it is taken out of a densely populated tenement district, and the water-front was occupied by commercial wharves, but it gains materially by the presence behind it of the old Copps Hill Burying-Ground, with a good growth of old trees. By examining the figures which show the elevation of the different parts above mean low water, the plan can be readily understood. There is one broad terrace, with a high retaining-wall, and the rest of the ground is taken up in the slopes and walks and steps. These slopes have been planted during the season lately closed, in somewhat the same style as Charlestown Heights. The larger part of this double ground is on the opposite side of Commercial Street, and most of it is no ground at all, but water. There is a broad beach to be backed up by low planting sufficient to shut off Commercial Street, but not high enough to interfere with the view from the higher ground beyond. Two piers run out on either side, and one of them bends across the front so as to shelter the bathing-beach, and at the same time provide the maximum length of promenade within the Harbor Commissioners' lines. The piers are double-deckers, the upper deck forming the promenade, and the lower being occupied by dressing-rooms for the bathers. The approaches to the piers are so arranged as to keep the bathers, both wet and dry, from mixing with those going to and from the promenade deck, while steps are avoided, for the benefit of baby-carriages. The longer, crooked pier contains the men's dressing-rooms, etc., the shorter one the women's; and the offices, boilers, drying-room, and other administrative necessities are in the building next the women's pier. Although not yet completed, this ground was very largely used last summer, and bids fair to be exceedingly popular.

I have picked out these three grounds partly because of their individual interest, and partly because, although in somewhat similar situations, they are markedly different in treatment, and show what can be done by picking out the potential individuality of a site and developing it to its limit. That is one of the differences between designing a park and just making it in a haphazard way.

Boston contains no example of the flat interior pleasure-ground, with no individuality of site; but there is one close by in Cambridge. Cambridge Field requires little explanation beyond an examination of the plan and the illustrations. The northern half is occupied by the field-house, with its adjoining sand courts and seesaw-yard, separated from the noisy traffic of Cambridge Street by a wide greensward, which is broken only by shrub-bordered paths. The southern half of the field is occupied by a six-acre gravelled play-field, screened from the street by a double line of trees and shrubs, which shade a broad boundary promenade, where great numbers may watch the games. It is used for baseball, football, and other games of open play, which are not allowed, however, to assume the form of match events without special permit.





COPPS HILL TERRACE
AND
NORTH END BEACH.

he winter-time it is flooded for skating. Cambridge Field is of recent construction, as the young trees show, and the population did not understand at first how to make use of it. The neighborhood boy, accustomed to alley and street play, was found actually to be unfamiliar with games which are usually played upon open commons, and which it became the duty of the superintendent to teach. Now Cambridge Field is producing a boy vigorous in body, quick in mind, gentle in manner, and possessing a sense of fair play and fellowship little known except in the country.

I can only briefly mention Marine Park in south Boston as another illustration of a neighboring ground upon the water-front. Its attractions are chiefly boating, bathing, and the views of the shipping and the sea. Its main feature is a great curving pier, 1200 feet long, forming one side of a horseshoe harbor for pleasure-craft. This harbor and the neighboring waters are the anchorage for the larger part of Boston's great fleet of small yachts, while the comparative shoalness of the water has, up to the present, checked the commercial development of this part of the water-front. The pleasantest pictures of marine life are therefore presented here without the disagreeable features of the busy steam traffic of the port. At the head of the pier is a large building containing a restaurant, bath-house, etc.

Of play-grounds pure and simple there is almost as great a lack in Boston as in New York. The lack has been realized, however, and lands have already been purchased in several sections of the city to supply it. Designs have been made for these play-grounds, and there is reason to believe that in a year or two they will become instructive examples of their class.

F. L. Olmsted, Jr.

## A LOVE-SONG.

The year, sweet wife, is on the wane—
  The happy-hearted year,
That brought us only tithes of pain,
  And rounded sheaves of cheer.

Beside the glowing embers we
  Need envy no one's pelf;
Content am I to partner be
  In firm of "Wife and Self."

Swift glide away the last low sands,
  Fast fades the hearth-fire's light;
We face the world with wedded hands—
  Good-night, old year, good-night!

Margaret E. Sangster.

# "THE VINTAGE."*

## A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

Author of "Dodo," "Limitations," "The Judgment Books," etc.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

THEY took his body up to the Turkish mosque which crowned the citadel, and at the east erected a tall, rough wooden cross, and there it lay all day, and the clan came and looked their last on the man they had loved. The hawklike eager eyes were closed, and the dignity of death gave the face a wonderful sweet seriousness, and a tranquillity which it had seldom worn in life. The Prince and Germanos arrived before noon, knowing only that Tripoli was taken; and Petrobey, to whom Mitsos had told what Nicholas had said, found words which were humbling and an awe to that proud man, and together the two went to where he lay. Then said Germanos, "I never did him honor—God forgive me!—in life, but you will let me do him honor now?"

The funeral was to be at sunset, and he was to be buried just outside the mosque, on the highest ground of the citadel. The first part of the service would be in the mosque, the remainder at the grave; and Mitsos, returning just before sunset from his finished and hopeless quest, went straight to the mosque. All day, first in the town and then in that valley of death behind Trikorpha, he had sought among the heaps of the dead, longing rather to know and see the worst, to look once more on her face, than to carry about with him this load of torturing uncertainty. He prayed that he might find her undisfigured, that her face might be quiet and calm like Nicholas's, for he felt that it would be a consolation to know she had died quickly. One thought only sustained him through those terrible hours, and that the remembrance of the words Nicholas had spoken. He had bargained to sacrifice himself and all that he held dear for that which was already won; and in the very flush and presence of victory he would not give way to the thoughts of madness and despair which beset him. All day, beneath a burning sun, he moved among the heaps of the slain, turning over body after body, only to find more beneath. The kites and preying hawks chid shrilly over his head, but he heeded not and worked on; and a little before sunset only had he finished, and sat down on the hill-side for a moment to eat, for he remembered that he had not eaten that day, and he felt suddenly faint with hunger. Then, rising, he went back to the town and up to the mosque.

The sun was just setting, and before they left the mosque it was already twilight, but the men had a number of pitch torches, and the procession went out to the grave outside, headed by thirty men who carried these, and stood round the newly dug grave while the body was placed in the coffin and lowered into it. At the head of the grave stood Germanos, and at the foot Petrobey with Mitsos. Many of the clan who stood round were weeping unrestrained and without shame, but Mitsos was perfectly quiet and calm. Only once, when the first spadefuls of earth rattled on the rough coffin lid, did he move, and ran forward a step to the edge of the grave, crying "Uncle! oh, uncle!" in so piteous and broken a voice that Petrobey clinched his teeth to prevent his sobbing aloud. But after that he was quite quiet again, and Germanos, who had read the service, stepped forward and gave the address at the grave.

"This day," he said, "is the birthday of a new-born people, and it is so that Nicholas would have you think of it. To all of us has come a great and wonderful victory, and to all a terrible loss; but I pray God, my friends, to none of you such an unavailing regret as is mine. Of myself I would not speak to you, but for this, that before Nicholas died he forgave the cruel wrong I had done him, and it is that forgiveness of his alone which gives me any right to be here. You all knew him; he was of the same blood as you, and it is for you all to lament not nor wail, but think only that God in His infinite kindness has let him see the dawn of this day, and then while joy leaped, bursting his heart, has taken him to Himself. To work for a great cause, as Nicholas worked, and as none but he, was a great reward; to see the fruit of his labors and to die in the flush of victory are what come to but few. By his rank and his work he was among the highest in all Greece. But how did he die? As a common soldier serving in the ranks, and by his own choice. And to me that appears—though the cause for it is to me a bitterness and regret of which I cannot speak—a wonderful and appropriate thing. Nicholas—the victory of the people!"

The darkness had completely fallen while he spoke, and overhead, through the smoke of the torches, the stars peered out of a deep blue sky. In front of Germanos rose the mound of freshly raised earth, for they had filled up the grave before he began speaking, and the wooden cross from the mosque had been fetched out and planted on the top of it. Round, in dense ranks, stood the Mainotes, the flickering glare of the lights striking strong shadows on their faces. But by degrees the torches planted on long sticks round the grave began to burn low. Now and then one would shoot up with a sudden flare, and then die out again, and in a few minutes more they had all burned out, and only smouldering red cases of burnt stuff remained. From the darkness Germanos's voice came, slow and solemn at first, but as he went on he gained force and vigor:

"The birthday of the people! Think of this day thus, and then of him whom you loved—the victory of the people! This is no time for lamentations nor weeping; for how did he take leave of you? Not with a wail, nor with any regret, but with a shout. Think of him, then, as he took farewell; mourn for those who mourn, but rejoice with those who rejoice. And he went from us strong, and with but one thought, which overmastered all. Thus it is no night nor valley of death he has gone into—or so it appeared not to him—but the dawning of the fresh day. Then, turning his eyes forward, while behind him the day dawned, what eye should meet his, or what name should be on his lips? You heard it yourselves. And is there any cause for sorrow there? Do we weep and wail when the bridegroom meets the bride, or when, after a long journey, a faithful man goes home to her he loves? Ours is but a selfish grief if we look at it aright. We mourn for him, we say. And why? Because we think of ourselves, and for no other reason. So let this thought make you strong, and because you have loved him turn from yourselves, who, God knows, have cause enough for grief, and think of him and the shout and rapture of his passing. Out of the day he has passed to the day—out of life into life—a faithful man made perfect. Call to him, then, once more. Let him hear the shout which he led. The freedom of Greece and Nicholas, the victory of the people!"

From the darkness the shout was taken up and repeated till it almost seemed to split the darkness. As from one throat it burst up thrice repeated, and then together they called Nicholas's name aloud, and went in silence back to their quarters.

Mitsos went back with Petrobey, feeling somehow strangely strengthened. All he had been trying to feel all day had been said for him, and all that was brave within him rose and caught it triumphantly, and he clung to it as the only thing that separated him from despair.

The Mainotes were to leave next morning, but Mitsos dreaded any hour spent in inaction, and he decided to go himself at once, and again travel through the night. To stop here was only to talk of Nicholas, to grow feverish again with the hopeless impossible hope that Suleima was still somewhere in the town. With a good horse he could reach Nauplia next day, soon after dawn, and he longed with the longing of a child in some distant land for the familiar places. Here all that spoke to him of Suleima spoke in words of blood and cruelty, which stabbed and stung him into a sense of hopeless rage and regret. There, perhaps, with the thrill of home about him, his anguish would change to something less terrible, and not so discordant to the image his heart held of her. Even now, when so few hours had passed, he seemed to have lived with the sorrow for a lifetime, and realized that it was for a lifetime it would abide with him. The place where he had lost all he loved had a brooding horror over it; he could not think of her as he wished to think; but by the cool bay, the dark headlands, and that beach with its whispering reeds, surely he would find another sorrow, different from this, and with the bitterness of something which had once been infinitely sweet, instead of the bitterness of horror and hatred. Above all, he dreaded the moment of waking next morning, and though many morrows stretched away before him, each with its cup of remembrance coming with the light at the end of sleep, yet it would be something over to get rid of this one, to have another four-and-twenty hours with his sorrow, which perhaps might help to mitigate the pangs of that first moment of the waking to consciousness again, and the dead weight of grief which would have to be taken up again.

Then his father was there, and, oh, how Mitsos longed for that quiet, protective presence! He wanted to be alone, and yet to have some one who loved him present, with silent sympathy that needed no words. Even the companionship of Yanni, who followed him with the eyes of some dumb creature that knows its master is suffering yet cannot console, was irksome. None understood this better than poor Yanni himself, yet though he tried to keep away, he could not.

Mitsos rose from where he had been sitting in Petrobey's room and walked across to him.

"I think I shall go home at once," he said. "It will be better that I should be there."

"But not to-night, dear lad," said Petrobey, "and not alone. We are all coming to set you on your way to-morrow."

Poor Mitsos nearly broke down again at this; somehow a kindness reached the seat of tears, while his sorrow passed it by.

"No, I will go alone and now," he cried. "Oh, I cannot say what I think. You are all so good to me, but I want to be alone. Say good-by to them all for me; I should not be able to tell them myself. And good-by. Before long, I doubt not, we shall meet again. For I promised him always to be ready."

Petrobey kissed the boy.

"Little Mitsos," he said, "we are not men of many words. But you know—you know. God keep you!"

Yanni was watching Mitsos with hungry eyes, and Mitsos turned from Petrobey and went to him.

"Come out with me, Yanni," he said, "while I get my horse. Come as far as the gate if you will."

Mitsos's horse was stabled below, and in silence the two went on together. Then, as they turned to walk down the deserted street to the gate, Mitsos passed his arm through the bridle and put the other round Yanni's neck.

"Yanni," he said, "you do not think me unkind? But it is this way with me, that somehow or other I must get used to these things, and I am best alone. We have had good times together, have we not? and, please God, we shall be together many times yet. I want to be alone with myself now, and then to remain a little with my father, for with him it is different. But of all others in the world—why need I tell you?—it is you I would choose to be with. You understand, do you not?"

"Yes, dear Mitsos," said Yanni, rather chokedly; "and if ever you want me, either come or I will come to you. For, oh, Mitsos, I'm so sorry for you that I don't know what to do or say, and I owe all to you, and yet I can do nothing."

And with that he fairly burst out crying.

They walked on in silence to the Argive gate, and then Mitsos stopped.

"So let us do what Nicholas would have us do," said he, smiling at the other, "and think only of this wonderful birthday of the people, as Germanos said. And now I am going. Good-by, Yanni, dear Yanni!"

"Oh, Mitsos, let me come!" cried Yanni. "No, no, I did not mean that. Good-by and God-speed!"

And he turned quickly and walked back into the town without another word or look.

The horse Mitsos rode had been stabled all day, and

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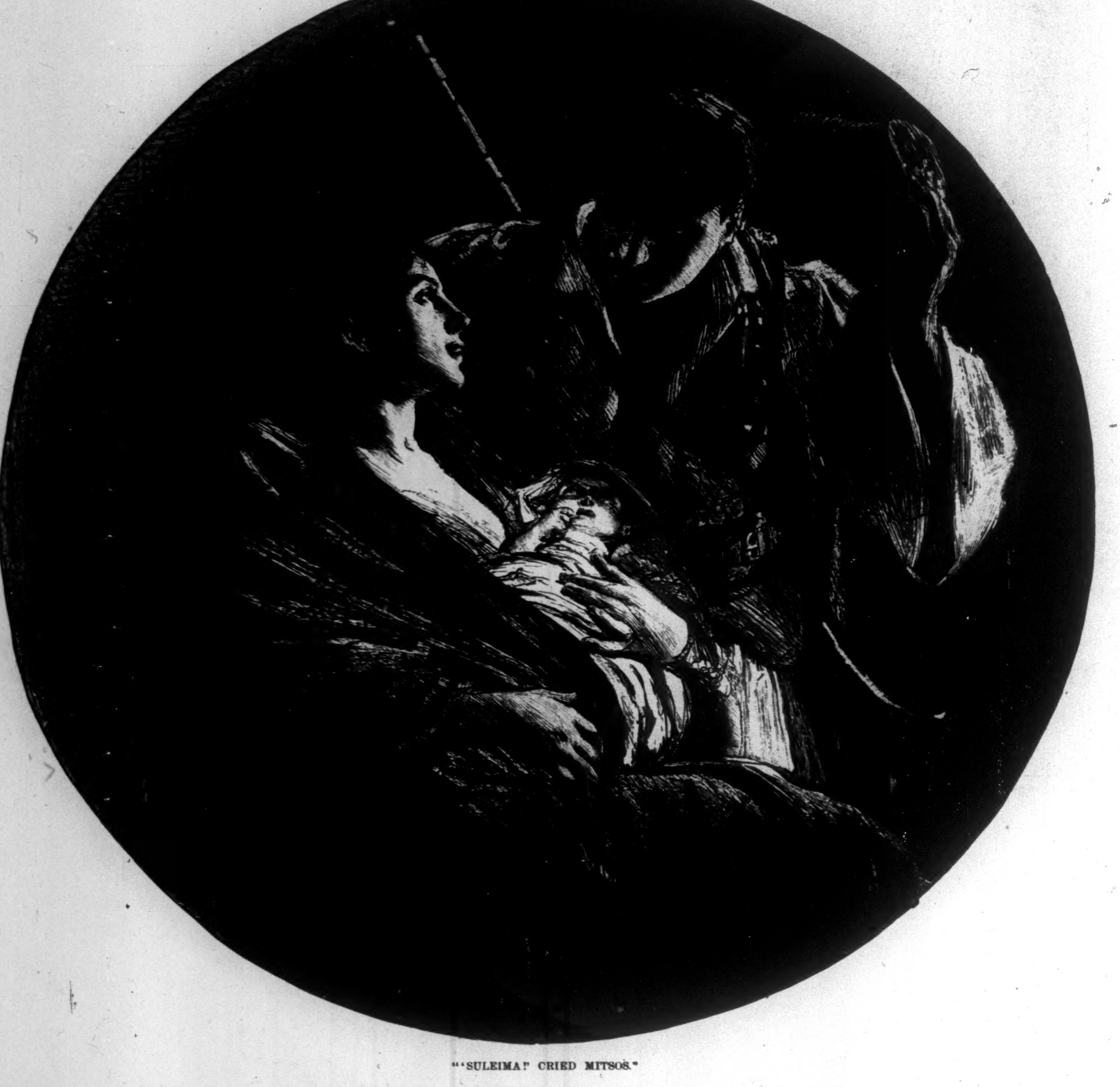
* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2115.



"'SULEIMA!' CRIED MITSOS."

coming out fresh into the cool night air kept him busy for a time snuffing uneasily at the wafts of foul air that came from the town, and shying right and left at shapes that lay on the road-side. Once a dead body lay straight across the path, and the brute wheeled round, nearly unseating Mitsos, and tried to bolt back to Tripoli again. But by-and-by, as it got used to the night and the steady hand which controlled it, it went more quietly, and settled down into a gentle trot up the road leading from the plain over the mountain.

As they left the town behind, the air grew fresher, and soon came pure and cool from the north. The night was clear, but for a few wisps of cloud that drifted southward in wavering lines of delicate pearly gray, so thin that the starlight suffused them and turned them into a luminous haze. The path lay low between bold rocks that climbed up on each side, and to the right a stream talked idly, as in sleep. Above, the stars burned bright and close, set in the blue velvet of the sky, and to the east the blue was tinged with gray, showing that the moon would soon rise. From some shepherd's hut on the hills came the sharp bark of a dog, sounding faint yet curiously distinct in the alert air, as in the north sounds come on a frosty night. As he went higher, the dry smell of the summer-scorched vegetation was changed for something fresher coming from the upland pastures; and while his horse, now requiring no attention, went with straining shoulders and dropped head up from slope to slope, Mitsos knew that he had been right to come alone.

Since those nights he had spent with Suleima between sea and sky, the loneliness and quietude of night, the locked casket which had held the hours he had spent with her, had always awakened in him an undefined, incommunicable thrill, a certain magical touch which could call up those dear ghosts of the past. To be alone at night was nearest to being with her, and often in these last weeks he had stolen out of his hut, when the camp was still, to conjure up that same feeling which the sight of objects associated with some one loved gives us. Infinitely dear as she had been to him, there lingered round the remembrance of her a something dim, something in common with starlight and great vague stretches of silent sea, and the pearliness of the sky before the imminent moonrise. It was that complexion of his sorrow he wished to recapture. Tripoli was like dreaming of her through the horrible distortion of a nightmare; this the serener bitterness of a quieter vision. Round his thoughts of Nicholas there hovered a splendid halo; the glory of his life and the triumph of his death made the heart bow down in wonder and thankfulness, despite itself.. For if he, as Germanos had said, had gone like the bridegroom to the bride, should those who loved him mourn? Strangely mixed had come the boon for which Nicholas, for which Suleima, had died; and at present he was too stunned to be able to think of it, or the price paid, with clearness of focus; for this limited mind within us is soon drowned by shocks like these coming in spate together, and we do not realize them till the first turbid flood has passed.

The moon had risen before he reached the top of the pass, and following a strange but overwhelming desire, he pushed on quickly, for he longed to look on the bay again by night. Another hour's quick riding brought him to the head of a ravine which ran straight down to the sea, and at the bottom, lying like the clipping from silver mail, was the further edge of the bay, ashine with the moon, and when Mitsos saw it his heart was all athirst for home. Gradually as he went down, the lower hills marched like shadows to the right and left, and between moonsetting and sunrise he stood on the sandy cove again where he had brought the fish to land one night, and once again all was still, but for a whisper in the dry-tongued reeds and the lisp of sand-quenched ripples. But never again would he sit there, filled through and through with love, with one beside him, and never again would the man he had loved pass by again like the shadow of a hawk on one of those swift secret errands. Yet, as he had hoped, there still lingered round the place a sweetness of sorrow. Horror had not come here, nor any bloodshed nor crash of cruel war; none else knew the message the place had for him, its garnered store on which his heart had fed.

Then leaving it, still rounded by the infinite night, he passed on by the white house at the head of the bay, whose sea-wall had been to him the gate of love flung open, and just after sunrise he struck the road on the other side of the bay, and three hundred yards off were the whispering poplars by the spring, and the low house and the garden gate and the grave of his boyhood. The risen sun spun mists out of the night dews; it struck a galaxy of stars from the still surface of the bay, and called from the heart of the bush-bowered thrush an inimitable song.

So he was come to the gate, where he tied up his horse, while he went inside, yearning to see his father; but as he walked up the path, raising his eyes, he saw him already out and working in the vineyard beyond, and would have passed by and gone to him there, when of a sudden he stopped, and his heart stopped too.

For the house door was open, and from inside—it seemed at first but the echo of his thoughts—came a voice singing, and it sang,

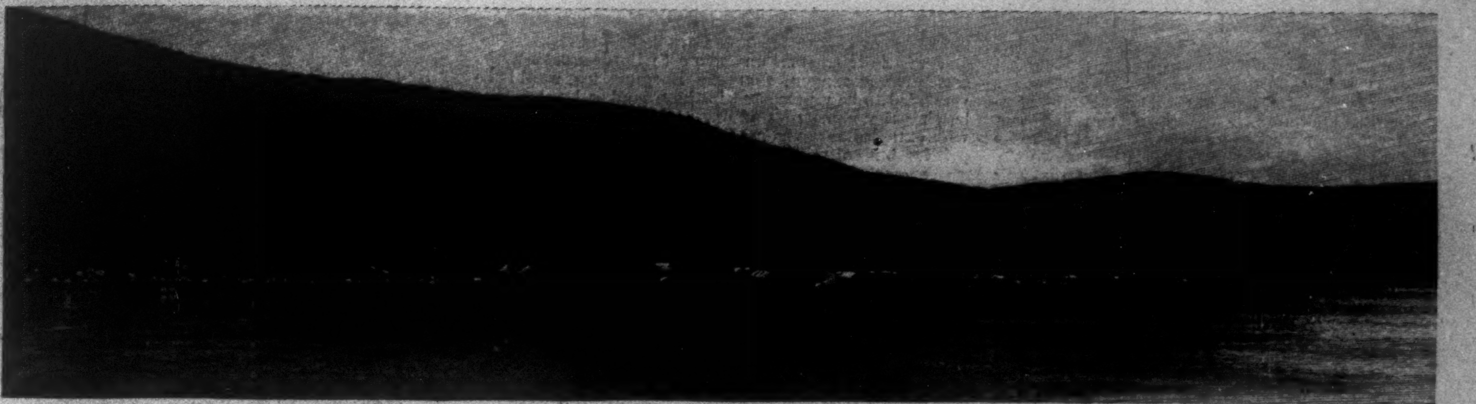
> Dig we deep among the vines;
> Give the sweet spring showers a home.

Then came a little feeble cry, as from some young thing, and the singing stopped, and a mother's voice, so it seemed, cooed soothingly to her baby. And with that Mitsos passed not on to the vineyard, but went in.

Suleima, busied with the child—the littlest Mitsos, so she told herself—heard not his step till he was in the doorway, but then looked up, thinking it was her father, though earlier than his wont. And with a choking sob, hands outstretched, and a voice from a bursting heart—

"Suleima!" cried Mitsos.

THE END.



DAWSON CITY, FROM THE BLUFFS ACROSS THE RIVER.

## NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

Dawson City, *September 27, 1897.*

Dawson City, the supply-point on the Yukon for the Klondike mines, has been a scene of wonderful activity the past summer. Where but a half-dozen cabins were last spring is now built up for a mile and a half with cabins, fine warehouses and stores, opera-house, saloons, and restaurants. The summer claims on the creeks turned out even richer than expected. Summer drifting was also done. Pack-trains were busy, unable to carry out the supplies; men and dogs were packing as well. The streets of Dawson were alive with men, new-comers arriving daily. Wages for common labor, $10 per day; skilled, $15; at the mines, $15. Many men made more by contracting. New creeks were being located, sales made, and the whole atmosphere was one of success. The dance-halls and saloons were crowded, nearly every one having two or more gambling games running. In a few weeks, almost days, a complete change has taken place. The mines are as rich as ever. But a feeling of uncertainty and dread as the steamers failed to arrive deepened to one of panic tendencies when the news came two days ago that, owing to low water on the Yukon Flats, eighty miles below Circle City, they could not get up. There is not "grub" enough for much more than half of the men now here, and it was seen a large number of men must go down the river at once, before it freezes, or starve. This many who had come in without grub demurred to doing. The constant arrival of men who abandoned all they had, if they had anything, on the Pass, to get in before the river froze, arriving with nothing, makes it worse—some families even arriving in this condition. The early freezing weather, with ice running up the Yukon, emphasized it. The streets, except at the store of the Alaska Company, the only one selling a pound, and they but small quantities, were almost deserted. On the river-front, generally crowded, was hardly a lounger. Some men were getting what they could to go down to Circle City or Fort Yukon. Others who had calculated on going out on the steamer were perplexed. Some started out to pole up the river—a hard and dangerous trip at this time of year. Some paid $200 to $250 for passage on the little *Konkuk* to Fort Pelly, to go from there out over the Dalton trail, and had to cut wood for the steamer and furnish their own grub to secure passage. Men were rustling around to secure some flour here, and beans, bacon, or rice there, buying at advanced prices of those who, going up or down the river, had more than they needed. Only those who had early put in and paid for their supplies felt at all secure, and they—many of them—were afraid that the many men who refused to go out might force them to "share up" now or later on. The number of faces recognized by those familiar with Seattle criminals makes this worse. Gaunt starvation would soon be at the door of many if they staid, and the whole atmosphere is one of distrust and unpleasant anticipation. Some boats may arrive, but even then the grub will not go around. Whiskey and sugar comprised the cargo of the last steamer, and wines and liquors part of that of others before. Goods that will bring great profit are brought up, and grub—the one great necessity—left behind. If both governments would limit the amount of whiskey brought in they would confer a boon on the miner for which he would thank them. For while the miners drink it when here in town, they almost without exception curse the companies for bringing it and leaving grub behind.

STEAMER IN WINTER QUARTERS AT CIRCLE CITY.

ROCKING ON A BENCH CLAIM, EL DORADO CREEK.

The shortage of provisions, and especially the threatened shortage of candles, so necessary for winter drifting, may seriously interfere with work, and materially cut down the gold output, as well as prevent the prospecting of new creeks. Twenty-five dollars a sack (50 pounds) for flour has already been offered, and advanced prices on other things. Wages, which they were attempting to cut to $1 per hour, will now undoubtedly remain at $1 50, and may go higher, as labor will be scarce and men who have grub independent. Those who manage to yet get in with an abundance of grub from the outside will reap the benefit of this.

If this year's experience will bring people coming in to a realization of the necessity of bringing in supplies with them, and call the attention of capital to the enormous profits and great extent of trade to be supplied now and in the future in this enormous and rich mining country, the distress, and often bitter disappointment as well, of those who are in here will not be in vain. If not, another year will see a repetition on a greater scale of the conditions now existing. For by no possibility can the companies now here supply next year's demand.

BACK FROM THE SULPHUR CREEK STAMPEDE.

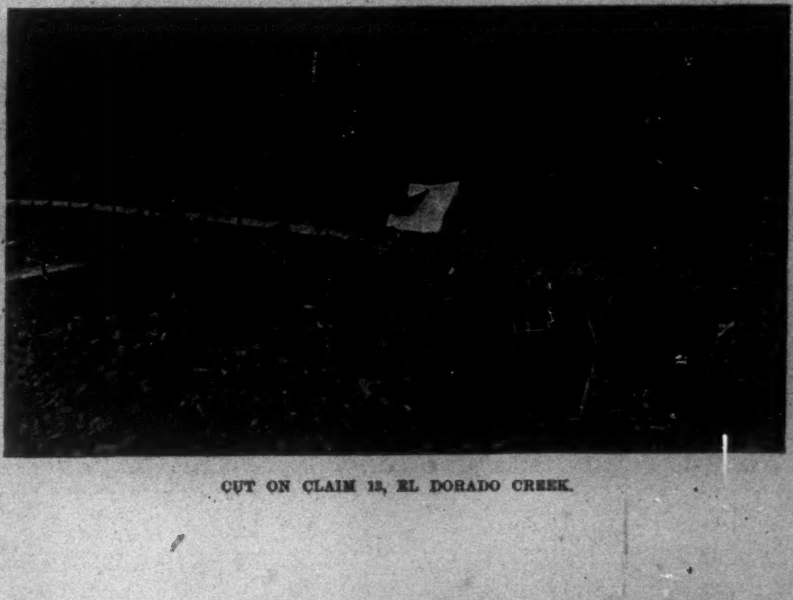
Mining in the Yukon is done in the winter by putting wood fires on the frozen ground and "burning" a hole down to "pay." Then fires are put against the sides and a chamber drifted out, a fire being put in every day, the thawed ground being hoisted to be sluiced out in the spring.

Summer drifting can be done in the same way, but water is very troublesome, and in most places absolutely prevents working. The carbonic acid gas from the wood is also dangerous at that time. On summer claims the dirt is thrown into sluice-boxes and the gold caught by riffles, the dirt and gravel washing over. Water-wheels to run chain-pumps are used to free the bed-rock of water, but rock drains are also used.

Stampedes are caused in many ways, sometimes from seeing a few men going off with a light pack in a hurry. Men rush off ten, thirty, and fifty miles over hills and divides, through brush and mire, to stake what may be a bonanza. Some even do not take grub for more than a few meals, and in this mountainous country are not seldom lost for a few days. When they return they are generally tired out and demoralized, if it was a distant creek. Some, of course, go prepared—as did the Sulphur Creek stampeder. This is forty-five miles from Dawson, over the divide and Indian River.

William D. Johns.

WINTER DRIFTING.



CUT ON CLAIM 13, EL DORADO CREEK.

## PARIS.

*November 22, 1897.*

The trying thing about the Dreyfus affair is that it forces one to think of the slumbering volcano that always threatens Paris. We were just in the midst of an extraordinarily beautiful autumn, in which the sun had pursued his glorious way without interruption for at least two months and a half. I record as one of the noteworthy items of my Continental experiences the fact that this year I bought myself a new umbrella on the 1st of September, and that now, the middle of November, it has neither been lost nor carried. Owing to the fact that the Chamber of Deputies is to be re-elected in 1898, and that the honorable members of that body are more interested in preaching conservative republicanism to their constituents and passing mild reforms to offset socialism than in anything else, with a view to forming part of the triumphal cortége of 1900, politics were enjoying a period of comparative quiet. The Dreyfus affair suddenly carried us back to the terrible days of Panama, when each day somebody new was denounced. From the very bowels of the earth seemed to belch forth that seething torrent of suspicion, uncertainty, hatred, and intrigue that underlies France at its fairest, and at times seems to threaten its very structure.

I confess that it is rather difficult for the Anglo-Saxon mind to understand at first why the volcano exists. But the Anglo-Saxon mind may congratulate itself on being formed upon Anglo-Saxon land. It can only conceive with difficulty of what a society is like in which, for instance, there is no habeas corpus act, in which law is apparently based upon the theory that any man is guilty till proved innocent, and in which there exists an autocrat called a juge d'instruction, whose business it is to collect evidence, and whose prerogative it is upon that evidence to arrest a man at his pleasure, and keep him in prison for any period he may deem fit. Even if innocent, the stigma never leaves his name. The heavy atmosphere of suspicion and uncertainty that hangs on Paris at this moment is the direct result of the code. But the whole Dreyfus case has always been so shrouded in mystery that anything like truth in connection with it seems impossible. Even Dreyfus's lawyer, M. Demange, never had the documents against him. He could only make a vague plea for defence based on general character and lack of motive.

The anti-Semitic agitation, of course, is at the bottom of the thing. This is not a question of race. The Jews are coming more and more to control the financial interest of France, and especially of the railways. The railways belong to the state, and the state granted a concession of ninety-nine years to certain companies, of which the Rothschilds are the largest stockholders. This does not expire till 1930. The Rothschilds are reproached with having no nationality. Their interests are equally divided between four countries, and the French Rothschilds came originally from Germany. Moreover, they are not patriots, but commerçants. In case of war with Germany, it is feared, they might paralyze the railroads; or, at any rate, keep new lines from being established or bridges from being built. The intense power of such enormous capital in the hands of aliens is considered by the anti-Semitic party as a constant menace to the safety of the country, especially as certain organs of the press are venal. I was told by an editor of one of the important Paris dailies that his paper was offered money by the Rothschild syndicate to create a current in Dreyfus's favor at the time of the trial. He also gave me the names of several papers that were bought.

With all these causes at work, with a press which must publish, and has absolutely no facts to start with, in a country where a bit of perfectly irresponsible hypothesis may suddenly assume most extraordinary importance as evidence, and where each day somebody new is implicated, it is not surprising that Paris should have gone back to the old days of anxious suspense.

Meanwhile some of the side issues in the affair are amusing. The famous *bordereau*, or memorandum, on which he was convicted, was found in the waste-paper basket of the German Embassy. The consequence has been, it is said, to do away with waste-paper baskets in all the embassies in Paris. It was found by one of those spies disguised as servants that the French government maintains in all the foreign embassies. The Minister of War has a secret budget of a million and a half of francs for this purpose.

This reminds me of an afternoon I once spent in a little villa on the banks of the Marne, with the former chief of police in the time of Napoleon III., up to the proclamation of the republic. No one would have thought, to look at the peaceful figure of the proprietor, a little man in sabots, with gray beard *à la* Millet, absorbed in cultivating the magnificent hortensias that covered his terraces, reaching to the water's edge, that his head had been a store-house for all the machinations and turpitudes of that period of decadence which ended in a disastrous war and a revolution. It was on that afternoon that I learned how the fatal Ollivier ministry was decided upon by M. Thiers and his political friends one evening in the conservatory of a beautiful French woman, living not far from the Opéra. Two brothers, well known in the best Paris society, meanwhile distracted the attention of the guests in the salon by sleight-of-hand tricks and gymnastic feats on a Persian rug. And when I asked the old man how he knew all this with such precision, "From a *femme de chambre*," he answered, tranquilly; "all personages of importance at that time, at their own request, took their servants only from my hand."

Baihaut's book, *En Prison Cellulaire*, is interesting, because it throws light upon a certain type of French politicians of to-day. Baihaut, the ex-Minister, who has just served four years in prison for having confessed to accepting three hundred thousand francs out of a million promised in the Panama affair, was one of that group of young men whom Gambetta gathered round him and made, of which it may not be generally known that Sadi Carnot was another. One of my friends, a French journalist of importance, tells me that it was his uncle who first suggested Carnot's name to Gambetta. The republic was young, Gambetta tried to attach to it every young man of promise, and the uncle of my friend, who was a civil engineer, suggested the name of Sadi Carnot, also an engineer, stationed at Annecy. Carnot had just built a bridge, and did not want to leave Annecy. Gambetta made him the préfet of Havre; Madame Carnot staid in Bourgogne; and a little later some one wrote to Bordeaux, then the seat of government, that the Burgundians would be very glad to be represented in the Chamber by some one bearing the name of Carnot. Carnot resisted the idea with extraordinary vigor. In the end he was forced into politics, but entirely against his will.

Baihaut was a brilliant scholar, who was graduated from the Polytechnic with first rank, and became successively Deputy, Secretary of State, and Minister. Living always in the roar and tinsel of elections, in spite of his long political experience he seems, curiously enough, like politicians of his type, never to have got a just idea of himself, and always to have remained at bottom naïf, vain, and unintelligent.

But, as the man who confessed, he has a place in French history. It was hoped that his book would give that list of the Deputies suborned in the Panama affair which was given to President Carnot, and which Baihaut knows. Carnot suppressed it for the sake of the Republican party. It is said that Baihaut's name did not even figure on the original list. He confessed, and was joyfully made the scapegoat of the entire Chamber. If he had not made his avowal Carnot might have succeeded in suppressing the Panama scandals altogether. This spirit of sacrificing the honesty of the country to party spirit is the principal element of instability in French politics now. The Orleanists are far more popular in France than the Imperialists, but neither Orleanists nor Imperialists have any chance of ever coming again to power. If ever there is any change it will be in the shape of a dictator—when the honest element of the people, tired of some revolution, of intrigue, and *dessous* like Panama, resolve to sweep everything that exists away, and when some leader has force enough to seize his opportunity. Boulanger might have done it. Another man endowed with more firmness and strength might have done it at the time of the Panama scandals. Nobody knows whom the Dreyfus affair will end by compromising, or what opportunity there may be in that.

In the regular course of events, however, the country will remain conservative republican till after the exposition, in spite of M. Bourgeois's great grief that the party is composed of *ralliés*, or converts, and gets its vote from people opposed to the republic.

Outside of the Dreyfus affair and politics Paris has been engaged in settling the momentous questions of where the two Salons should be held until their new palaces are ready for them, and whether the Prince de Sagan should be allowed to die at his club. The Prince de Sagan has enjoyed for years the reputation of being *le monsieur le plus chic de Paris*. For years he has been separated from his wife, and has had no money of his own. Therefore he arranged for himself a suite of rooms at the club of which he is president. In France, however, no gentleman lives at a club, on account of the *cagnote*. All French clubs are more or less institutions for play, and on every sum that goes into the bank a certain amount, called the *cagnote*, is set apart for the expenses of the institution. It is considered that a gentleman will under no circumstances allow any part of his expenses to be borne by the fruits of gambling. As the prince's health is hopelessly impaired, his wife abducted him one morning, and carried him off to the beautiful old Sagan palace in the Rue St.-Dominique. His son, Elie de Talleyrand-Perigord, has brought suit against her, and the question is yet unsettled where this heir to an old name shall finish his days.

The two Salons begin, let us hope, a day of peace and harmony side by side in the Galerie des Machines of the Champ de Mars. M. Bouchor, the Minister of Commerce, was obliged to take in hand the arrangement of a new place for the Horse Show. "Tiens," he said, to M. Puvis de Chavannes, "as this place is all arranged for the Horse Show, it will do for the Salons."

I am told that the architects have made a most astonishing mistake in their plans for the art buildings for the exposition (unpublished). There are to be four palaces—one for a retrospective view of French art, in which there was to be room for 1500 pictures. The architects miscalculated, and estimated all the corridors, toilet-rooms, etc., as so much line, so that the space is cut down to barely enough for five or six hundred pictures. The same error has been made in the palace for modern French and foreign art. One palace will be entirely for bibelots, books, tapestries, treasures from churches, and so on, for matter transformed by art.

Paul Bourget is preparing to welcome André Theuriet to a seat among the Forty Immortals—a man whose principal distinction, it seems to me, is to write books whose titles one is never able to remember. Theuriet is a white-bearded man, without marked personality, who was at one time an employé at the Ministry of Commerce, got to be chief of the office, and is now the Mayor of Bourg-la-Reine. He is spoken of as knowing all the birds by their names, and having written some extremely charming verse on pastoral subjects, which is better than his novels. He is the type of the provincial Parisian, and he was elected because there was nobody else to elect with whom the other Immortals would feel themselves at home, which is the principal thing.

The Academy was never founded to be anything more than a sort of good society for forty individuals who would find themselves congenial. That was its original intention when it was organized in the seventeenth century.

Boldini, who has gone to America to paint portraits, and who passes for being one of the most Parisian of Parisian artists, has never been able to rid himself of his Italian accent, in spite of the fact that he professes an extreme antipathy for his compatriots, which, it seems, they return to him in kind. He is a little man with a sparse blond mustache, who makes one think of a gnome. The painter of elegance, he is perhaps the type of inelegance; but he has an extremely personal and interesting talent, which appeals to one because of its nervous sensibility, its insight into the *vie mondaine* of to-day. One likes the "Movement of Boldini," the impression his figures give of life, of just having sat down, of just being about to rise, at the same time that they give you a feeling of being just about to lose their equilibrium. This comes from the fact that he places his models too near, which produces an effect of perspective that is true, but which seems false.

By far the most remarkable play on the Paris stage at present is "Les Trois Filles de Monsieur Dupont," at the Gymnase, a play far better done than anything we have had of late at the Français, and while on the lines of "Les Tenailles," and other things based on the feministe movement, far more fairly and roundly and dramatically treated. It should be written on more at length than I have space to do here; and so should the Théâtre Antoine, which seems to be one of the successes of the season. The Odéon, after giving an honorable representation of Henry Becque's "Les Corbeaux," has gone back to the "Chemineau."

To emphasize the constitution of the volcano with which I started my letter, let me say a word in passing about "Les Corbeaux." *Les corbeaux* are the vultures in the shape of the partner, the notary, and the various associates of the head of a family, who pounce, at his death, upon the property of his widow and her three daughters and leave them penniless. Played at the Français a little over ten years ago, the play aroused such a storm of excitement that it was suppressed. Nobody knew what the consequences might be to the Chamber of Notaries. At the Odéon the special public of the dress rehearsal listened to it without comment, the great public with indifference. It is a play of the first order, which changed the whole French theatre, but intense and sad to an extraordinary degree.

In literature decidedly the *chef-d'œuvre* of the year is Anatole France's *Le Mannequin d'Osier*.

Allen Sergeant.

## FRANK D. MILLET'S MURAL PAINTING FOR PITTSBURG.

Pittsburg is becoming recognized as an art centre even beyond the broad confines of our own country, thanks to the munificence of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, whose offer of prizes is inducing painters from abroad to send their pictures to the annual exhibition. The incentive thus given to art is bearing fruit in the city itself, of which a practical illustration is the commission assigned to two artists to execute mural paintings for the Bank of Agriculture. This Pittsburg corporation shares with the Bank of Commerce in New York the honor of being the first to recognize that art and commerce may be combined to the advantage of both. It is a significant example of many other evidences that our merchant princes are ambitious to make their places of business not only hives of offices yielding enormous dividends, but veritable palaces that embody the splendor and enterprise of modern American commerce. In some respects it is a more notable testimony to the spread of culture even than a noble library, for it shows that the leaven of beauty is working in the very heart of our social organization, and that, even where money-making is necessarily the main motive, there is a recognition that it is not mere money, but what money can add to the dignity of life, that we are learning to desire.

At opposite ends of the main hall of the Bank of Agriculture at Pittsburg are spaces for two lunettes, about forty feet apart and raised twelve and a half feet from the floor. Each is an exact semicircle, with a diameter of twenty-six feet. One space is already filled with a panel painted by Edwin H. Blashfield. Its subject is the "Triumph of the City of Pittsburg," in connection with commerce, arts, sciences, and manufactures. Mr. Millet's painting, which embodies Agriculture, has been on exhibition at the American Art Galleries in New York. He has chosen for his subject the "Athenian Festival of the Thesmophoria," celebrated yearly by women in honor of Demeter (better known by the Roman name of Ceres), the goddess who was said to have founded agriculture and the civic rite of marriage. Each year, at the season which corresponds to the end of our October, the women betook themselves to the promontory of Colins, where, in the temple of the goddess, they offered sacrifice for three days, and then returned to complete the festival in Athens. Some noble lady was chosen on each occasion to act as priestess. In the picture she is represented walking alone, and carrying a thurible, from which the smoke of the incense floats. It was as happy thought to give to this figure the likeness of Madame Navarro, who, as Miss Mary Anderson, is held in such high esteem by all the English-speaking world. Like all her companions, the figure is robed in white, but distinguished from them by a yellow mantle (peplos) edged with gold. Her tunic (chiton) is draped in the fashion that Mr. Millet designed for Miss Anderson's representation of *Galatea*. All the faces are portraits, amongst them being Mrs. Millet, Mrs. Alma-Tadema, Mrs. Phil May, and two daughters of the late Mr. Fred. Barnard. The little village of Broadway, in England, where the picture was painted, is a gathering-spot for artists. It nestles beneath the Cotswold Hills, with a rich valley stretching from its doors, through which Shakespeare's Avon winds, and is an ideal spot for art and nature to join in a celebration of Agriculture.

When a composition is constructed on a plan so distinctively mural as this one is, it is interesting to study it. The plan here is geometrical. The space is semicircular; it is decorated by opposing to the curved line horizontal and vertical lines, thus providing a harmony of contrast. A simple opposition of one of each of these three lines would produce a decorative effect; when they are repeated over and over again, the composition becomes enriched, diversified, and dignified. Then further enrichment is obtained by the opposition of dark to light, which weaves a pattern over the whole. Lastly, decorative value is obtained by the use of landscape, treated not merely as a screen of pleasant color behind the figures, but as an actual pattern embroidered in dark and light. Landscape, architecture, and figures are the principal elements of all good mural compositions. Mr. Millet has not used an architectural feature in the main part of his design, for the temples must be reckoned among the subordinate details, but he has given to the band of wheat all the constructional value of a balustrade or parapet. It binds all together into a simple homogeneous whole. It may be questionable whether a procession is the best subject for a space that emphasizes a restful spot in the architecture and brings the eye to a halt; but in his treatment of this one, Mr. Millet has made the feeling of tranquillity so pronounced that one forgets what the figures are doing, and realizes only the beautiful quietude of color and drawing and sentiment.

The hills of Greece in the background are colored in soft golden, purple, and gray-green tints, with tranquil outlines and hazy distance, and embroidered with the deep warm green of cypress and yew. Across the foreground spreads a band of wheat, bright yellow and deep red gold, and in front are the figures, disposed with studious simplicity. Their white robes catch something of the surrounding glow, and the bright wreaths and garlands lend animation without disturbing the sense of rest. At the ends of the group the composition is a little more involved, which helps the quietude and stateliness of the chief figure.

Every one interested in the closer union of architecture, sculpture, and painting in our country will rejoice that this commission has been given to Mr. Frank D. Millet, who, during the construction of the World's Fair, as Director of Decoration, did so much to promote the union, and to make smooth the way of the architects, sculptors, and painters. For in those days, not only a "Dream City" was being constructed, but a sentiment in favor of beauty that was not to pass away, but is increasing continually in strength.

Charles H. Caffin.

## PICTURES FOR OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The effort to increase the attractiveness and the civilizing and educational influence of our public-school rooms, by filling them with good works of art, has been prosecuted along somewhat different lines in the various cities and towns which have recently undertaken the work. A good chance to explain the aims held in view in New York was offered recently by an exhibition, at the Keppel Gallery on Sixteenth Street, of more than a hundred fine pictures and plaster casts gathered for a school in the Tenth Ward—one of our most crowded tenement districts.

With the hearty sanction of the Board of Education, but with no money save what came through private gifts, the work of school decoration was begun here more than a year ago by the Public Education Association. A special committee on art was appointed to attend to it, and I had the good fortune to be one of its members.

Our chief and fundamental aim is to transform the barren, ugly, always uninspiring, and often actually repellent public-school room into an attractive room which will cheer the eyes and spirits of teachers and pupils; to make them feel that they are not prisoners in dungeons, but are at home in places planned for their pleasure and benefit; to create rooms which will form happy and civilized contrasts, impossible of creation elsewhere, to the squalid, dreary, and miserable surroundings amid which a very large proportion of our children must live.

The first step toward this end was taken with little trouble and no cost to ourselves. The Superintendent of School Buildings gladly promised that all school interiors which required painting should hereafter be colored in light, cheerful tones, attractive in themselves, and furnishing good backgrounds for works of art. The second step was to concentrate our efforts in one school after another, rather than to scatter pictures impartially through many schools; for only systematic and complete adornment can redeem the general aspect, enliven and civilize the atmosphere of a large and otherwise wholly bare apartment.

In selecting our works of art, beauty is our first concern. Nothing is approved which is merely interesting or instructive by reason of its subject-matter. We wish primarily to bring to bear the refining, uplifting, inspiring influence of beautiful forms and, when possible, of beautiful colors; for we believe that this influence is invaluable in the right development of young minds and spirits, and we know that a great majority of those being trained in our public schools are, in their own homes, wholly outside its range. To secure beauty we have chosen, of course, many reproductions of the recognized masterpieces of painting, sculpture, and architecture. Our choice has been limited by the fact that some of the finest are unsuitable for school-room decoration, and the further fact that distinctively religious subjects are necessarily barred out in New York. But these restrictions have mattered little, as we do not try to illustrate systematically the history of art. Not a knowledge of art, but the influence of beauty is, I repeat, what we wish to secure. Therefore we can go far afield in choice of subjects, and find many chances to combine definite instructiveness of various kinds with the beauty we think still more essential.

For instance, one room in the boys' grammar-school, the pictures for which were lately exhibited, is devoted to Greek and Roman art, and another to mediæval and Renaissance art, including reproductions of buildings, statues, and paintings. But one is given to literature, as illustrated by portraits and by pictures of the dwellings of famous writers, and of scenes which they have immortalized. Each work is interesting and instructive in its literary associations, but each will also inspire the eye and spirit by showing either the beauty of architecture or that of trees or landscape.

These are the rooms used by the highest classes. One of the others is hung with European views, varied by copies of famous monuments and pictures in famous galleries; and another with Asiatic and African scenes and works of art; while still another shows American scenery in its pastoral as well as its boldly picturesque aspects, including, of course, famous objects like Niagara Falls and the Natural Bridge of Virginia. The large assembly-room is decorated with patriotic subjects—portraits, views of famous buildings, and a very large reproduction of Mr. St. Gaudens's inspiriting Shaw monument. A class-room is also to be devoted to American history, beauty being always kept in mind through the choice of such attractive subjects as Independence Hall, Mount Vernon, Washington's headquarters at Newburgh, and a seventeenth-century house still preserved in a New England town. In each room an explanatory catalogue, framed and glazed, is hung. Of course, after only one year's experience, and the decoration of only three buildings, our list of appropriate and available subjects for grammar-schools is by no means as long and varied as we intend to make it; nor is our list of those suitable for primary schools at all complete.

It will be divined, of course, that such work as ours costs much money. Yet it cannot be called expensive when estimated by its results. Fifty dollars must be allowed for each class-room, and a good deal more than that for some assembly-rooms, and therefore not less than $500 for a whole floor in a large school-house. But many more than five hundred children are accommodated on a floor, and each will profit, step by step, by every picture which it contains. To bring the influence of perhaps more than a hundred fine works of art, filling a long series of attractive rooms, to bear upon the children who pass through a grammar-school, at a cost of less than one dollar for each child, is not an extravagant undertaking. The Public Education Association therefore hopes that every friend of our children, and every citizen interested in the uplifting and refining of our people, will try to help it in its work of school decoration.

It also hopes that this brief explanation of its aims may incite the women of other towns, where similar work has not yet been begun, to begin it at once. And it promises them help and co-operation in every way within its power. I may add that during the past summer such work was actually begun and carried a considerable way in the public schools at Newport, Rhode Island, by two members of our New York art committee. The members of this committee are Mrs. Edward S. Mead, chairman; Miss A. M. Vail, treasurer (29 Washington Square); Mrs. E. R. Hewitt, Mrs. Reginald DeKoven, Mrs. James W. Markoe, Mrs. Victor Sorchan, Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, and Mrs. Edward R. Wharton.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

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in all cases of **Scarlet-Fever,** directing it to be drunk *ad libitum*, with the effect of **relieving all traces of albumen** in the urine, and have found it equally efficacious in renal diseases requiring the use of alkaline water."

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*Surgeon-General (retired) U. S. Army, formerly Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System, in the University of N. Y., etc., Washington, D. C.:*

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in the **Albuminuria of Pregnancy with remarkable effect.** When taken in large quantities its influence in such cases is unmistakably beneficial. In one case of **Puerperal Mania** it was a powerful adjunct to the other means used to effect a cure.

"As a **preventive of Puerperal Convulsions** and **Puerperal Mania** I regard the

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as most valuable. It should with this view form the constant beverage of Pregnant women in the place of ordinary water. I have had considerable experience with this water in the treatment of **Bright's Disease.** I have witnessed the **albuminuria** of this affection, and also **casts** of the **renal vessels,** disappear on the use of the water, and this not only in a single case, but in several of which I have full notes. It must in these cases also be taken in large quantities and its use continued for a considerable time."

**Dr. G. A. Foote,**
*of Warrenton, N. C., ex-President State Medical Society, formerly Member of the State Board of Medical Examiners, and also of the State Board of Health:*

"In **Bright's Disease of the Kidneys** I have in many cases noted the disappearance of **Albuminuria and Casts** under the action of

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**which I regard as the most efficacious of known remedies** in this distressing malady, so difficult of successful treatment. I have also witnessed excellent results from this Water in **Albuminuria of Pregnancy,** and it is my habit to prescribe its free use in every case of pregnancy under my care, certainly after the sixth month, and I have yet to see any untoward result where my directions were obeyed. That the Water is a **preventive** of and **antidotal** to the causes producing nausea, headache, and Puerperal convulsions in my opinion admits of no question."

**Dr. Alfred L. Loomis,**
*Professor of Pathology and Practical Medicine in the Medical Department of the University of New York, wrote:*

"For the past four years I have used

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in the treatment of **Chronic Bright's Disease of the Kidneys,** occurring in **Gouty** and **Rheumatic** subjects, **with marked benefit."**

**Dr. C. W. P. Brock,**
*of Richmond, Va., ex-President National Association of Railway Surgeons, Member Medical Society of Virginia (Virginia Medical Monthly), Nov.* 1878, *writes:*

"During the epidemic of Scarlet-Fever, prevailing for a year in this city, I have been giving

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*ad libitum*, to the exclusion of all water for drinking purposes. **In no case since I have pursued this course have I seen even a trace of Albumen in the urine of Scarlatina patients, either during the attack or the convalescence.** With this experience, and hearing of favorable results in the practice of other physicians who have used the same means, I have thought it worthy of note. If this result is *proctor hoc*, we are enabled to rid Scarlet-Fever of one of its most dangerous concomitants."

**Dr. Jas. B. McCaw,**
*Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the Virginia Medical College:*
[*Extract from the proceedings of the Richmond Academy of Medicine, Oct. 15th*, 1878, *taken from the Virginia Medical Monthly of December*, 1878.]

"Dr. McCaw also spoke of the great value of

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in the **Gouty, Rheumatic, or Acid Diathesis,** in **Neuralgias** and **Dyspepsias,** in **Albuminuria of Scarlet-Fever,** and in **Albuminuria of Pregnant Women."**

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*Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics, Medical College of Georgia:*

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**Dr. Harvey L. Byrd,**
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**BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**

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*Richmond, Virginia, Emeritus Professor of Practice of Medicine, Medical College of Virginia,*

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*formerly, for more than forty years, Resident Physician at the Buffalo Lithia Springs:*

"In a practice of a half-century at and near the

**BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS,**

I have noted among the women of the surrounding country, who make habitual use of the mineral Waters, almost entire exemption from the discomforts and serious disturbances of Pregnancy, which I ascribe to two causes: first, the power of the Waters to **eliminate uraemic poison,** thus **preventing** the not unfrequent sequelae, Puerperal Eclampsis, or Convulsions; and, secondly, to its nerve-tonic properties, which give support and strength to the **nervous system** at a time when it is severely taxed; and what is not less important, the use of the water by the mother during this period insures healthful, vigorous offspring. In the **nausea** of the latter months of pregnancy, **especially when dependent upon uraemic** conditions, its action is exceedingly happy."

**Geo. Halstead Boyland, A.M., M.D.**
*of Paris, Doctor of Medicine of the Faculty of Paris, in the New York Medical Journal, August* 22, 1896, *says:*

"There is no remedy so absolutely specific in all forms of **albuminuria** and **Bright's Disease,** whether acute or chronic, as

**BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**

**Spring No. 2,** accompanied by a milk diet. In all cases of **pregnancy** where **albumen** is found in the urine as late as the last week before confinement, if this water and a milk diet are prescribed the **albumen disappears rapidly from the urine and the patient has a positive guarantee against puerperal convulsions.** Used as a substitute for ordinary water during **Gestation,** it will be found invaluable as a **preventive** of **Puerperal convulsions** and other disturbances incident to this condition. It is also an undoubted tonic for both mother and child, **allaying** at the same time **nausea and vomiting."**

**E. C. Laird, M.D.,**
*Resident Physician, Buffalo Lithia Springs:*

"In the **Nausea and Vomiting, Uraemic Poisoning, and Albuminuria of Pregnancy** I know of nothing to compare with

**BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**

So uniformly gratifying has been my experience with this agent, that it has long been my habit to prescribe it as a **Prophylactic,** as well as the most potent remedy **through all the stages of Gestation,** and to this I attribute the fact that in a practice of wellnigh twenty years I have had but one death from **Puerperal Eclampsia.** The women of the adjacent country who make use of the waters are notably free from the disturbances and dangers incident to this period."

**Dr. Caleb Winslow,**
*Baltimore, Member of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland:*

"I have found the

**BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**

of marked service in **relieving the Nausea of Pregnant Women. I frequently resort to it at intervals during the whole course of Pregnancy.** Being anti-acid, diuretic, and tonic, it seems **well adapted to relieve the disturbance usually attendant upon Gestation,** and I have no doubt its free use **might remove Uraemic Poison,** and **prevent Convulsions** produced thereby."

**Dr. C. W. Semple,**
*Hampton, Va., Ex-President Medical Society of Virginia:*

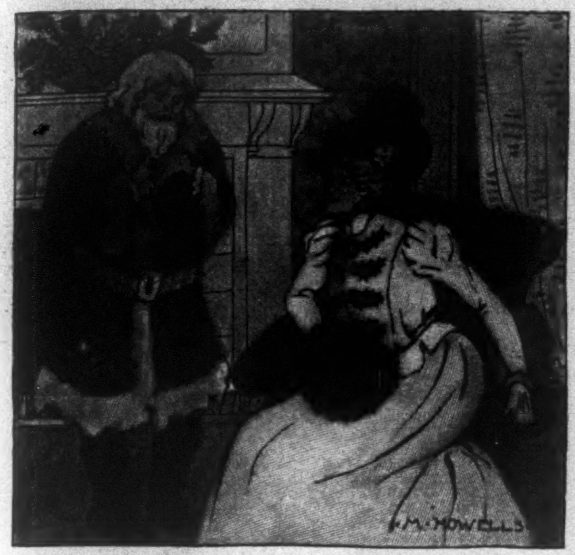
"In **Scarlet-Fever** I have known

**BUFFALO LITHIA WATER**

to restore a healthy and abundant secretion of **Urine** when it was highly charged with **Albumen** and the secretion almost suppressed."

**BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** is for sale by Grocers and Druggists generally. Pamphlets sent on application.

**PROPRIETOR, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.**



# LIFE AND LETTERS

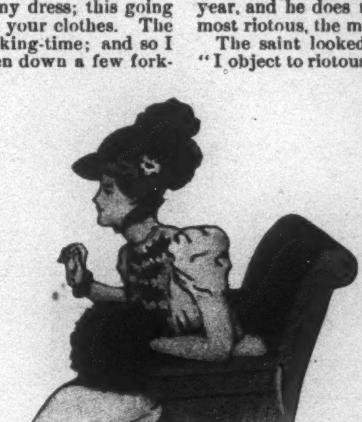
Illustrated by Mildred Howells.

The Christmas Muse, whose annual visits I am beginning to weary of a little, brought him to me, and preceded him into my study. She introduced him in due form, though of course I knew at once who it was. She sat down, though she said she could only stay a moment, when I begged them to take chairs, but he remained on foot, turning his fur cap round in his hands, and looking with wistful deprecation from the soot-tarnished fur border of his coat to my easy-chairs, and said that he would just as lief stand, if I did not mind. I did not press him, at first, for the soot was on the elbows of his coat, and the knees of his breeches, as well, and I suspected that it was on his back, too. He had smutches of it on his cheeks, and the knuckles of his fat old hands. He looked like a sweep, and not unlike a tramp, if the truth must be told, and he tried to ingratiate himself with the glance of an eye that was bleared by want of sleep, probably, but certainly suggested something more convivial. If it had been a few hours later, I should have been sure that it was something more convivial, but at three o'clock in the afternoon I felt that I ought to give him the benefit of the doubt.

"You must excuse me," he began, "if I come to you, as I am, instead of waiting to change my dress; this going down so many chimneys does tell on your clothes. The Muse said that this was not your working-time; and so I walked round as soon as I had shaken down a few forkfuls of moss to my reindeer, without stopping to brush up. I have been having rather a harder time this year, than usual, because with this feeling against me, on the part of some of the ministers, I was naturally anxious to do my best with the little folks." He smiled pathetically, and explained farther, "I am not so young as I was, by fifteen or sixteen centuries, and I feel the late hours more than I did."

His old voice was raucous and stringy, like a tramp's, but I could not bear to leave him standing; and I said, "You really must sit down, if we are to go on talking."

"Well, thank you," he returned, and I let him cast about for the place where he would sit. He chose the edge of a leathern chimney-seat, where he rested his elbows on his knees, and kept turning his cap in his hands between them. "I know you are a very busy man," he began again, not knowing, I dare say, how much I hate that formula, "and I will try to take up as little of your time as possible, but the Muse, here, thought that if I could put my case before you, as I see it myself, you might be willing to say a good word for me."



"YOU REMEMBER THAT THEORY OF IBSEN'S."

"You mean," I asked, "in regard to that proposition to disestablish you?"

"Well, yes," he assented. "At any rate, I should like to state my side to you."

"But why to me, of all men?" I objected. "You must be aware of my æsthetic principles, and how much I detest any sort of romantic illusion. You are so purely factitious—such a mere figment of childish fancy—"

"It is for that very reason," the Muse interrupted, and I observed that she was very *chic* in her dress, with no longer a trace of her cycling costume, "that I told him you would be interested in what he has to say for himself. If there had been any sort of mixture of reality in him, I knew that you could have had nothing to do with him; but as he is altogether fantastic, I thought you could look at him as you do at opera, for instance. I told him that you had tolerated me on that ground."

"Besides," he added, "I felt that anything you might feel disposed to say, would have all the more influence because you hold the opinions you do. If I went to some romantic novelist, for instance, and he wrote up my defence in the form of a sloppy Christmas story, with a dying child, say, seeing me in a vision, and begging his favorite minister to spare me for the little children's sake, and especially for the sake of destitute little children, it would make everybody sick. People would say that I never did anything for destitute little children, and that the dying child would probably have been well and strong if he had not overeaten himself from the things I had put in his stocking. But if you were to lay the matter before our public in a plain, straightforward way—"

"There is something in that," I said, not quite able to resist the flattering insinuation of his appeal. "But you know, I really agree with some of the things said against you. For instance, you can't deny that you are a fraud, and a pagan fraud at that. It is all very well for me to accept you on æsthetic grounds, as I do the opera, but there is something more than a question of æsthetics involved. There *is* a question whether you do not distil an infusion of heathenism into the faith that the Christian child imbibes; whether you do not darken the infant mind with certain shadows from the twilight of the gods. I thought that a very strong point against you."

"Well, I thought so, too, at first," my visitor frankly admitted. "But here! I said to myself: If I was a pagan to begin with, it was so long ago, that I can't remember anything about it. If I was a pagan, I believe I was a good pagan, and never did anybody any harm; and I have been a Christian saint for I don't know how many hundred years, and tried to lead a true Christian life, in precept and example."

"Ah, I don't know about the example, or the precept either," I returned. "I'm afraid you've been the cause of a great deal of guttling and guzzling through both, in your time."

"Grant that I have," said the saint, gesticulating with his cap argumentatively. "Those are sins that people promptly pay for, and that bring their own cure. Look at the good-will I've promoted by the means of them! You must take the bad along with the good. Besides, it's only once a year."

The Muse did not seem altogether pleased with this lame defence. As a woman she must have felt the moral obliquity of it, but she said: "Of course that Christmas excess is disgusting, but we have to remember that the countries and the creeds which have refused to tolerate our friend here, are not those of the most temperate people. Even the New England ministers, who once almost stamped him out, drank a great deal of rum. And they probably ate all they could get at all times."

"Yes, there is no denying that. I do not so much mind the riot of the table; that punishes itself, like all the sins of sense, as the saint very well observes. But—"

The Muse was not able to relinquish the word to me; she went on, as if I had not spoken. "Besides, as to his being a relic of paganism, I should like to ask some of those clerical gentlemen how much the Christian rituals owe to the old pagan ceremonials, and how much their creeds have kept from our fables."

"I don't think that's very relevant," I replied. "What they say is perfectly undeniable for all that. Our friend here does undoubtedly distract the thoughts of the young from the real significance of Christmas-time. It ought to be most solemn, the most spiritual, moment of the whole year, and he does more than any one else to make it the most riotous, the most sensual."

The saint looked forlornly at the Muse, and she said, "I object to riotous sensuality as much as any one; but—"

"Allow me!" I persisted. "The guzzling and guttling are bad enough, but they are not the worst of it. What I object to is the amount of lying he has promoted. From the very first hour of its dawning consciousness, the innocence of helpless infancy is abused with the most preposterous inventions concerning him. Little children are taught by their fathers and mothers, who ought to protect them from every shadow of deceit, that the saint, here, comes down the chimney and fills their stockings with the stuff that makes them sick on Christmas day, when they ought to be going to church, or imbibing undiluted doctrine out of their catechisms; that he drives through the air with a team of reindeer, and that he punishes the bad and rewards the good among them; whereas they should be impressed with the conviction that it is their own conscience which alone can do this."

The Muse was apparently not ready with a reply, but the saint ventured, "I don't really think the children are deceived by those stories, or at least not for any great length of time. After the very first Christmas they find out all about me, and after that I'm only a make-believe with them, and no deception at all."

"Oh, I know it isn't the children who are hurt by those deceptions so much as the parents, but they are bad, all the same."

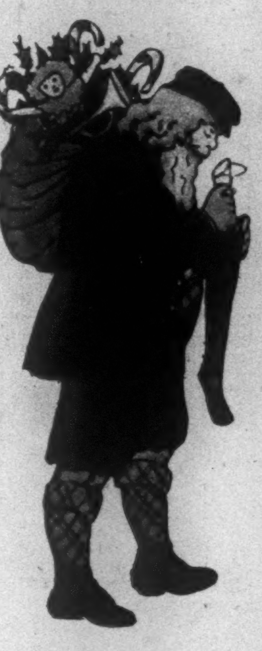
By this time the Muse had reflected. "I'm not sure they're so very bad. Perhaps they go to make up the great sum of illusion which renders existence amusing, not to say tolerable. You remember that theory of Ibsen's in The Wild Duck about the life-lie, as he calls it, which is essential to every one; the self-deceit, the make-believe, that is necessary to our daily peace and self-respect."

"Oh, do you go to Ibsen for your morals?"

"I take them wherever I find them," said the Muse, "and I think it could be shown that childhood is not only happier, but actually better, for believing that Santa Claus comes down the chimney on Christmas eve and fills its stockings."

The saint looked at me as if he hoped I found this a strong point, and I had not the heart to gainsay him. My silence perhaps encouraged him to declare, "I do not think I can be disestablished, and I will tell you why. I am bound up with every one's earliest and sweetest associations, and the devotion for me is an intimate part of the family life."

"You forget," I suggested, "that the ancient religions were the very essence of the family life. But the household gods had to go, and you would have to go, in spite of that. Almost the only divinity who has come down to us from the past is our charming friend the Muse, here, and she was no part of the family life at all. Many people unacquainted with the habits of literary men still suppose that she inspires the poets and romancers, and her worship survives in their superstition; but where are your Lares and Penates? Come! I do not deny that you are bound up with my own earliest and sweetest associations. I can remember when I went fondly and trustingly to bed, as soon as I had eaten my supper, on Christmas eve, so that you might come down the chimney undisturbed; but I slept badly, and somehow the next morning, at the bottom of my heart I did not believe you had done it, though there was my full stocking at the fireplace to bear witness to the fact of your visit. In my turn I did my best or my worst to abuse the simple faith of the next generation, but my success did not endear you to me. It rather made me ashamed, and I feel now that of us two I have been the worse humbug, for you have only been passive in the business. No, I do not contemplate you with the least pleasure for the reasons you allege, and they do not persuade me that you cannot be disestablished. Superstitions are often bound up with the heart of the home, but many superstitions have gone. Certain forms of Christianity have gone, in certain countries, and if ever the time came for Christianity to go altogether, the tender associations of childhood would not save it."

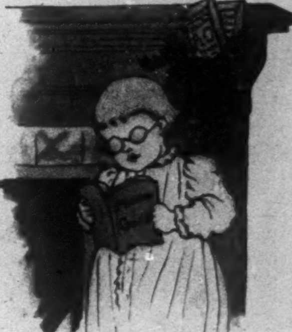


"HE OUGHT TO RIDE A WHEEL."

The poor old saint appeared quite daunted at these words, but the Muse came adroitly to his rescue. "I think that one trouble with the saint is that he has continued too much on the old lines. He has not kept himself abreast of the times, he is not up to date, he takes himself too easily. He sees himself pictured in the Christmas numbers of everything getting into the top of the chimney in that ridiculous fur-trimmed suit of his, with his toy-pack on his shoulder and a pipe between his teeth, and he thinks there is no occasion to change. He ought to ride a wheel, and come for orders a week or a month ahead; or if he *will* keep going down chimneys, some sort of dark golfing costume, that wouldn't show soot, would be much better for him. He ought to give up his sleigh, and his reindeer, and use some modern combination of horseless cab and aërodrome."

"There is something in that," I said, but the saint remained mute, though he no longer hung his head so meekly. "As I understand, your idea is that he ought to be reformed rather than disestablished."

"Precisely," said the Muse. "The fact is, he cannot be disestablished. As you noted yourself in your last Christmas article—or your first: they were a good deal alike—Christmas is founded in the childishness of the human race. It really has nothing to do with the birth of the founder of Christianity; it existed long before that in the Saturnalia, and that kind of thing; and Santa Claus is simply a convention for the expression of the holiday feeling that must utter itself from the heart of the race, at stated intervals. But this childishness changes from age to age, and the modern child is no longer amused with the playthings of the elder world. I think that our friend must take a hint from these facts and adapt himself to the needs of the age we live in."



"FILL THEIR STOCKINGS WITH HEALTH-FOOD."

The saint was still silent, but he sat still more erect, with a new hope of perpetuity, as I fancied. "But just how would you exemplify from this generalization?" I asked.

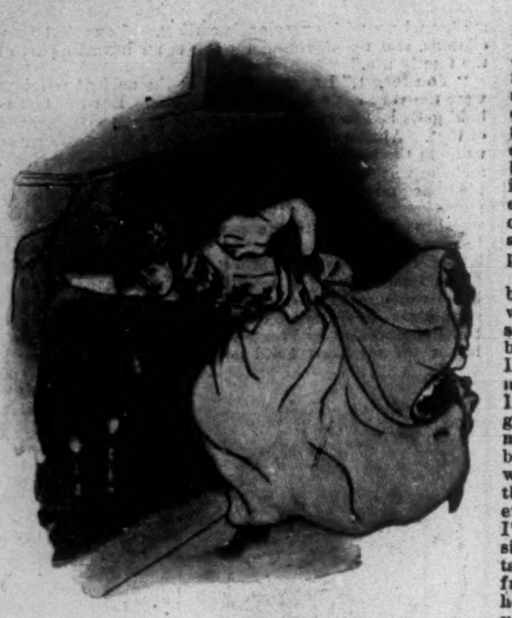
"Well," the Muse admitted, "that is not so easy. But I should say he might give up candies and toys, for instance, and bring the children something useful."

"Do you mean like small printing outfits, or boxes of tools, or dissected maps, or little orreries illustrating the solar system?"

"Well, no. Those things are rather outdated, too. And I suppose that steam-engines and automatic locomotives have had their run."

"But toy horseless cabs would be new; and they would give the child of the present a notion of what the future city without horses would be," I suggested.

The Muse frowned impatiently. "You don't get my meaning, quite."



"VANISHED INTO THE FLUE, DRAGGING HER WITH HIM."

I was not to be distracted from my notion, however, and I went on. "I think that a good deal might be done to delight intelligent children with brief treatises on the problems of municipal government which are now so pressing, and perhaps in connection with this there might be toy illustrations of rapid transit, and improved drainage. Instead of nuts and candies, the saint could fill their stockings with health-food biscuit and the more hygienic breakfast cereals. It might even be possible for him to get hold of some of the concentrated food-tablets which science is beginning to talk of, so that the children could test by their own experience the advantage of taking a whole meal's nutriment in a single lozenge. He could certainly substitute for the silly picture-books he has been in the habit of bringing, little volumes of sermonettes in which the true sources of faith, unalloyed by any taint of paganism, could be opened to the infant mind. On condition of being allowed to continue, I do not think it would be asking too much of him, to leave at each house a carefully edited life of himself, declaring his origin as clearly as it can be ascertained, and confessing that so far as he is not a superstition, he is only a symbol, an anthropomorphic presentation of an ideal—"

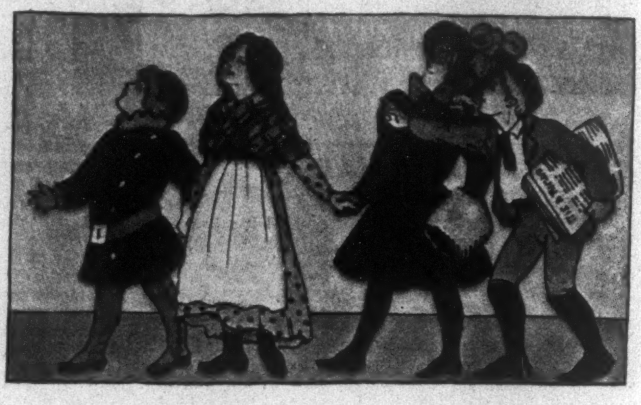
"No, sir!" the saint suddenly shouted in his stridulous bass, springing to his feet and shaking his fist in the air with a violence that startled the Muse as well as myself. "I would rather go at once. I may be a fraud, but I am not such a fraud as that. I may be a lie, but I am not of the order of lies which put a nauseous medicine to the lips with the pretence that it is nice. I am not going to be a duty in the guise of an indulgence. In spite of all you say, I don't think there's much harm in me now, but there would be far more harm if I did what you want me to do; and as for owning up that I don't really exist, as I said before, every child understands that already. If I'm not fit to go on as a pleasing illusion, a kindly convention, that every one tacitly rejects for himself, let me perish from the world at once. I *can't* change," he continued, with a note of pathos in his voice. "I am an image of simple good-will, misshapen and archaic as you please, and I signify nothing more than that. There is nothing dogmatic or doctrinal about me. I stand outside of ethics and pedagogics of all kinds; I have nothing to do with creeds; I am merely a custom. Take me for what I am and keep me, or let me go!" Tears started into his rheumy old eyes, which he tried to dry on the fur border of his cap, and then wiped on the back of his hand.

The Muse was sensibly affected, and I was myself not unmoved. "There is a good deal in what he says," I remarked to her.

"Yes, there is," she assented. "I am afraid that he must be taken as he is, or not at all. I suppose you really can't reform a superstition, and I believe he's a harmless one."

"Yes," said the saint, advancing and wringing my hand with a fervor that left it black with soot. "Put it before the public in that way. I admit *now* that I'm nothing but a make-believe, but I do enjoy being that. I enter into the joke of it with the children, and we get a lot of fun out of it together; and that's all there is of it. They know as well as you or I do that I can't come down the chimney or go up it." He took a turn about my room, his eyes sparkling with renewed hope, and his face beaming, and with the last words he made a dash at the Muse, whom he caught by the wrist. The next moment he had plunged at my fireplace, and had vanished into the flue, dragging her with him. I heard a faint shriek, or call it a squeak, from the Muse in her invisible ascent, and then from the roof ten stories above, I caught the sound of sleigh-bells, and a whiff of jolly laughter, while a glad shout rose from the children in the Christmas streets below.

W. D. Howells.



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# AMATEVR · SPORT

*Mr. Caspar Whitney will be absent several months on a sporting tour around the world, including a tour of observation in the West and in Europe, and a hunting expedition for big game in Siam, which he has undertaken for* Harper's Weekly.

*During* Mr. Whitney's *absence this Department will publish contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.*

## "CHEATING" AT GOLF.

If American golfers ever read English newspapers, they may have been a good deal surprised and but little edified of late to read the correspondence that has been evolved during the so-called "silly season"—when the papers are not filled with Parliamentary debates—on the unsavory subject of "cheating at golf." The subject has been discussed very openly and at great length, and the surprise that all reasonable people will feel in its regard is not so much concerned with the manner of the discussion as that there should be any such subject at all to discuss—any basis of fact for those who denounce the cheaters to work upon. Cheating at golf might have been disposed of as briefly, one would suppose, as the subject matter of that famous chapter title about snakes in Iceland—"There are no snakes in Iceland." Similarly we had imagined the chapter on the cheating at golf might run, "There is no cheating at golf." Certainly we had supposed that there was none, but equally surely these letters seem to demonstrate that there is. With so great a smoke there can scarcely but be a little fire. For all that, the writer must confess that he regards it as very singular, if there be so much cheating on the links, that during a tolerably long experience, extending over a quarter of a century and over many greens, he cannot recall a single instance of what he has deemed, on mature consideration, to be cheating in all that time. Now and again it has seemed, in the keen excitement of the match, that the adversary was committing transgressions, not without intent, in the way of treading on the line of the putt, and doubtful matters of that kind. But deliberate reflection when the heat of battle was over has in every case assured him that in all probability the transgression was entirely unintended—a pure accident. And not only is this so with regard to his immediate experience, but the cases of which he has heard, indirectly and by hearsay, described as cheating have generally been manufactured out of very vague and unsubstantiated accusations—accusations which left much room for doubt, and for doubt that certainly should, in all possible instances, be put to the credit of the transgressor. It is so easy to transgress thoughtlessly, either in careless forgetfulness of a rule, or in careless grounding of a club, or stepping where the foot should not fall. All these things are done, no doubt, and done by people who should know better. Also many transgressions are committed owing to an ignorance, for which there is no possible excuse, of the rules. But all this is as far removed from cheating, with its horrid sense of moral depravity, as light is from darkness. There is infinitely more excuse for those who transgress in this thoughtless way than there is for those who impute a charge of "cheating" to such transgressors. And surely it is those thoughtless acts of inattention that form the slender basis on which all this monstrous fabric of accusation is reared. Cheating—real intentional breaking of a rule in order to derive an illegal advantage—is, we may be confident, virtually unknown. At least, if it is not virtually unknown, the writer must have been exceptionally fortunate in his long experience not to have come across a single indubitable instance of it. It is said that there are errors in counting—it may be so—but who is to prove that they are perpetrated of malice or forethought? And if this is not proved beyond dispute it is more than cruel to stigmatize them with the name of cheating. Golfers who commit to their caddies the task of scoring for them are perhaps almost criminally careless, and put every temptation to cheating in the way of irresponsible little boys; but this is again far removed from purposeful, deliberate cheating. And if any transgressions are at all often committed, by which their perpetrator gains an advantage over an opponent, the writer is inclined to think that they are far more frequently in the nature of those transgressions of the laws of etiquette, such as standing still and silent while the opponent is playing, which no one ever dreams of calling by the horrid name of cheating. The balance of very many a match has been turned by the non-player or his caddie carelessly moving while the opponent's stroke was in progress, and it is safe to affirm that the number of matches thus unfairly influenced is as a hundred to one in which the advantage has been gained by a deliberate act of illegality. But does any one name these transgressions cheating? Cheating is really such a dreadful word, and conveys such a heinous degree of moral obliquity, that the very clearest proofs ought to be forth-coming before it is ever whispered. Yet it has been bandied about in the most reckless way, with allegations thrown out in all directions, until any foreigner, reading the discussion, might well be excused for inferring that the British links are perfect sinks of iniquity in which a man would need, for his safe-guarding in an important match, to be accompanied round the course by a specially retained legal gentleman deeply versed in the mysteries of the rules of golf. But really it is comforting to be able to assure America that this is not the spirit in which we play golf in this country. We break the rules now and then by accident, no doubt, and sometimes, in the heat of contest, we are apt to attach more intention to the accidental breach of a rule, or failure to observe laws of etiquette by an opponent, than our sober judgment, after the match is over, gives us warranty for. But we do not cheat. No one cheats. Cheating is virtually non-existent, and even those golfers who are disposed to take every inch that the letter of the law allows them, while violating the purity of its spirit, are very rarely met with. As a rule, we play golf according to our lights, in a pleasant, sportsmanlike way. We do not try to take advantage of an opponent's accidental transgressions, nor do we, except by purest accident, commit such transgressions ourselves. Let Americans be assured of this—that we try to play golf for pleasure, and not for profit, nor on the "win, tie, or wrangle" principle, far less do we cheat intentionally, or find such an odious practice as cheating at all common amongst us. The writer, as he has affirmed, considers it as non-existent, and he does not yield to very many in the length and variety of his experience. Others appear to have been less fortunate, but possibly they too might have a different account to give of these things if they would ask themselves in how many instances of apparent cheating the intention of the transgressor was doubtful, and would credit him with the benefit of every possible doubt. British golfers, of course, must form their own conclusions on the matter, for it is British golf that is the subject of the present unpleasant discussion, but really it did seem time that some one should speak with emphasis to those who had not personal opportunities of making themselves acquainted with British golf. It does not do to let mistaken impressions, however absurd, fly about uncorrected, and it seemed fully time that some correction of them were made. It is singular, perhaps, that any should have been so ready to take up their pens to write such accusations against the good faith of golfers as have been made, and no doubt they acted from the best possible motive—that of putting an end to the practices that they so rightfully condemned, if they had any real existence—in doing so. But have they any true existence? We believe not, and we can only hope that any American readers who have also read the correspondence will be ready to acquiesce in that charitable conclusion.

But when all this has been said, let it not be thought that we, who believe we play the game for pleasure, and do not wish on that account to exact the full penalty for accidental transgressions, are therefore favoring a lax interpretation and following of the rules. On the contrary, we believe that it is chiefly in consequence of such laxity that the irregularities have been allowed to creep in and go unnoticed which have given the basis to some over-suspicious souls for their charge of cheating. The game has its rules, and it should be played strictly according to those rules, or else, in the popular phrase, "you don't know where you are." And the more strict the adherence to these rules, the more pleasant the game becomes—only when the rule is transgressed it becomes the part of the transgressor, not of his opponent, to insist on the exaction of the uttermost penalty. All the opponent ought to be compelled to do—and he ought never to be compelled to do even that much—is to inform the transgressor, in all courtesy, of his breach of rule. The onus of making reparation then rests entirely with the sinner, who ceases to be guilty of any sin whatever so soon as he has made confession, and has insisted on mulcting himself in the penalty that the law prescribes.

All such incidents are unpleasant, though they are not at all in the nature of anything that approaches cheating. But unpleasant as they are, they would all be avoided if golfers would, in the first place, be careful to make themselves perfectly acquainted with the law, and, in the second place, would carry out its precepts exactly. It is hard to think that the loose charges of cheating would ever have been made—that there could ever have been even the slenderest basis for them—if golfers had not laid themselves open not to so gross a charge as this indeed, but to the charge of carelessness and laxity in conforming to the rules. In America, as we understand, careful conformity to the rules is more earnestly insisted on than in this country, and for the good name and fame of American golf it is to be hoped that this watchfulness will not be relaxed.

H. G. Hutchinson.

## FOOTBALL IN NEBRASKA AND KANSAS.

It has given me pleasure to receive numerous letters from the West regarding the Nebraska-Kansas game, and the *Evening Post's* quotation from a Kansas paper mentioned in a recent issue. These letters state that the article in question was written from a prejudiced stand-point, and the incident greatly exaggerated.

Better than this, however, they bear witness to a healthy tone, for apparent in all the letters is the wish to show that the sport itself is respected, and that the desire to keep its reputation clean is greater than the temptation to cast blame upon the other party.

With such a spirit affairs must adjust themselves properly in the long-run, no matter which side wins. But to avoid criticism neither teams nor officials should consent to ignoring disqualifications. A man may be disqualified unfairly, so far as his friends can see, but, for the sake of the sport, decisions must be accepted and abided by. Prominent institutions should remember the responsibilities they bear of setting the example to others, and uphold the highest standards.

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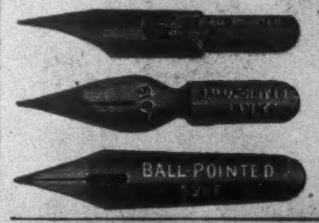

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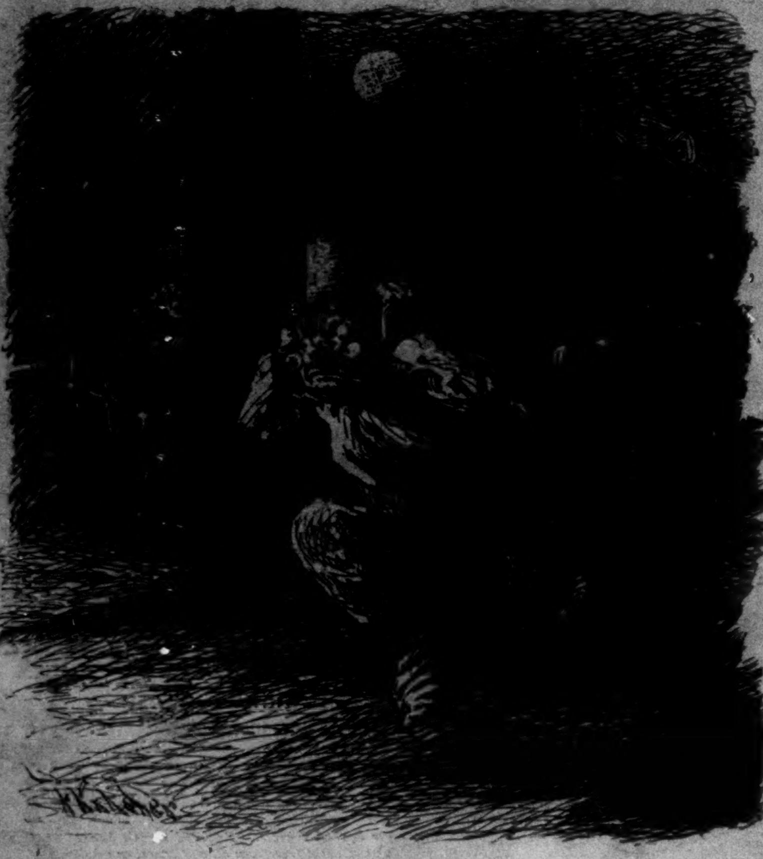

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